THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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Realignments After Munich

The new world in which we find ourselves since Munich continues to take form before our eyes. What is left of Czechoslovakia is now hardly more than an appendage of Germany. The Czechs look to Hitler alone to force Hungary to moderation and prevent the seizure of so much of Ruthenia as would give Hungary and Poland a common border. Mistreatment of Jews, radicals and anti-Nazi groups in Czechoslovakia is rapidly increasing. Heartbreaking is the plight of thousands of refugees living in the fields, sleeping in ditches, between the German and Czech frontier forces.

That the next Nazi objective may be Memel, and that the blow may fall soon, is indicated by the action of Hitler's obedient propaganda machine. It is not certain whether Hitler wants Memel for himself or proposes to give it to Poland in exchange for the restoration to Germany of the Corridor and the "free city" of Danzig. From Alsace, also, come mutterings of discontent which seem to confirm the reports that this province is within Hitler's ambitions for the near future. The fact that the Germans are talking about a non-aggression compact with France relieves no one's apprehension; it is a standard technique with Hitler to be ultra-conciliatory between blows of the sledge-hammer. Munich must be thanked, at least in part, for Japan's successes in winning Canton and Hankow; Japan waited until Britain had shown she wouldn't fight, before moving past Hong Kong to seize Canton, Chiang Kai-shek's chief source of military supplies.

The future of the Spanish Loyalists looks dark, despite their heroic resistance in the field. It is widely reported that as soon as the Anglo-Italian treaty has been put into effect, Franco will receive full belligerent rights and the Loyalists will be blockaded and starved out. Mr. Chamberlain's determination to bring this about is of course nothing new; it has been the plain foundation of his policy for many months.

A New Phase in China

The fall of Hankow had long been expected. The event was doubtless hastened by the capture of Canton, which cut off vitally needed military supplies for the Chinese forces. Chiang Kai-shek has moved his government 600 miles farther west to Chungking, in Szechwan Province, and expresses a determination to fight on. How real his resistance will be remains to be seen. For the next few weeks we may expect almost complete inactivity as the Japanese consolidate their gains and attempt to make contact again with the enemy. The Japanese army is at present in an impossibly extended position. Chinese resistance, it is safe to say, will now be completely of the guerilla type. Reports indicate that the Chinese Communists, who have had such long and intense experience in this sort of warfare, will play an increasingly important role. The Japanese will be harassed both front and rear. They will need a vast army of occupation of the territory already seized, merely to prevent the assassination of every Japanese who goes out to take a walk alone. Other things being equal, China can still continue to resist for a long time

CONTENTS

The Week 345

Editorials

National Defense Again 348
A Floor Under Wages 350

General Articles

How Will the Election Come Out? . . . . . Jonathan Mitchell 351
Father Coughlin: Anti-Semite . George Seldes 353
Wasteland . . . . . Max Lerner 355
Return from Spain . . . James Benét 356
Shoot the Works . . . . Heywood Broun 358
Washington Notes . . . . . T. R. B. 359
Other People's Money . . . John T. Flynn 360
The Whole Tragicall Historie . Stark Young 361
Hollywood Hangover . . . Otis Ferguson 362
The Bandwagon 363
A Communication . . . Nathaniel Peffer 364

Correspondence 365

Books in Review

Hemingway in Madrid . Malcolm Cowley 367
Stolberg and the Stalinists . William L. White 368
Another High Wind . . . Ralph Bates 369
The Wasting Land . . Gerald W. Johnson 369
Autobiography of a Movement . . . . . Newton Arvin 370
Fever Chart . . . Robert Morss Lovett 370
Paddy Was a Welshman . Michael Sayers 371
We Have Been Here Before . Otis Ferguson 371
New Books: A Reader's List 371

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and at a heavy cost to Japan. The uncertain factor in the situation is international diplomacy. It would not be surprising if Great Britain and Japan should come to some sort of terms and would seek to force a negotiated peace. In such a case China would of course appeal to Soviet Russia for aid in resistance. Whether the Russians would be willing to intervene actively, with all the risk of trouble in Europe that would thereby be created, no one outside the USSR knows—and very few within its borders.

More Recklessness in Foreign Affairs

The necessity for a senatorial investigation of the Department of State and of our diplomatic service, outlined in last week's New Republic as a result of the Strachey affair, was emphasized when Ambassador Joseph Kennedy in London made a speech which seemed to align our prestige with the camp-followers of Prime Minister Chamberlain and his pro-Hitler policy. Why, asked Mr. Kennedy, do not the democracies and the dictatorships try to get along together with mutual coöperation instead of being ready to spring at each other's throats? In itself this sounds innocent enough; nobody is proposing that the United States make war against Germany or Italy. But the time and the setting make it far from innocent, because by implication it places the support of the United States behind the plans of the British and French conservatives to encourage Hitler in gobbling Eastern Europe and to sell out republican Spain. It also discourages those large fractions of the British and French who strongly disapprove of the Chamberlain line. The Kennedy speech was not only meddling in European affairs, but meddling on the anti-democratic side. Who took him into camp, and why? Who recommended that the speech be authorized? We believe that such an investigation as we recommend might easily come to the conclusion that Congress needs to keep tighter strings on our foreign policy—probably through the creation of a joint committee which must be consulted before any important line is adopted.

Italy and American Jews

Italy has now replied to the American government's protest about discrimination against our citizens residing in that country if they happen to be Jews. The Italian document is a thoroughly insolent one, virtually telling the United States to mind its own business. It says that American Jews in Italy will be treated no worse than those from other countries—as though that were any reassurance. It goes on to say that some "special exemptions" for foreign Jews have already been promulgated, without giving any details as to what these special exemptions are. In the absence of definite statements to the contrary, we assume that American Jews in Italy are still subject to ruinous and honorable career impossible. We hope that the American government will not let the matter rest there. The Fascists both in Italy and Germany have repeatedly proved that they mistake moderation for cowardice, while they cringe before a show of firmness. Having no standards of their own except those of brute force, they cannot be dealt with like civilized members of civilized states.

How They Fight in Minnesota

Politics is boiling in the state of Minnesota. Correspondents of ours describe the rough-and-tumble battle between Republicans and Farmer-Laborites in which, so we are informed, the Republicans are biting freely in the clinches. They are charged, among other things, with having engineered the hearing of the Dies Committee in regard to the Minnesota situation, at which all kinds of wild accusations were made about Communist influence in the Farmer-Labor Party. In the bitterly fought Farmer-Labor primary, the Republicans followed the now familiar course of voting by thousands, trying, naturally, to obtain the nomination of the weakest candidate. They have borrowed a great part of the Farmer-Labor program intact, and the gubernatorial candidate actually goes out of his way to avoid mentioning the fact that he is a Republican or running for office on the Republican Party record. Since the GOP-controlled state senate has tried to block every piece of progressive legislation, this may not be so dumb.

Something's Rotten in Hudson County

Most of the hullabaloo about Frank Hague and his corruption of Jersey City's government has died down. With the exception of The New York Post, the daily press has virtually stopped reporting and commenting upon the Hague machine's current activities. Norman Thomas has been denied the right to speak in the open air by the New Jersey Supreme Court, which upholds the action of Director of Public Safety Daniel Casey of Jersey City. The precedents for the decision were confused, but if the Court had desired it there was ample legal justification for the restoration of freedom of speech in Hague's realm. Of the three judges who voted the other way, one was Hague's former corporation counsel and another is his campaign manager. The case now goes to the Court of Errors and Appeals, composed in part of these same men—the Court of Appeals which shielded the Hudson County election frauds from legislative inquiry. On top of the travesty of the Thomas case, the Matson case, the Burkitt and the Longo cases, we see the Democratic Party's shameful and wholehearted endorsement of Hague's man Ely, senatorial nominee. And by the way, where is the decision of Federal Judge Clark in the CIO-American Civil Liberties Union case against Hague, which was

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Technology and Politics

The fact that technology often influences our society more than persuasion and politics is dramatically illustrated by a present event. For months opponents of Japanese aggression have been urging American women to abandon the use of silk stockings, since most of the raw silk in them comes from Japan and supplies the island nation with much of the purchasing power with which to buy needed war supplies in this country. But since American women have a well established preference for silk stockings, the boycott has been indifferently effective. All the time, technicians were working for improvements in artificial silk fibers which would give them the necessary fineness, elasticity and tensile strength to make satisfactory stockings. At last, so it is reported, they have been so successful as to produce a thread that will actually be far superior to silk, and two new mills are being built, the product of which is expected to drive silk from the stocking market. No political motives were behind this development, but if the politically conscious forces had known more about technology and had been less traditional in their methods, they might have spent their efforts and money to greater effect by hastening such an invention.

The Catholics' Lunatic Fringe

An astonishing document appears in a recent issue of America, a Catholic weekly. John A. Toomey, S.J., describes with great satisfaction a meeting of the New York United Catholic Organizations Press Relations Committee. It seems that within the past eight months such committees have been set up all over the country and "have been growing at an amazing rate." What does the UCOPRC do? At a single meeting the following activities were reported: College dailies at the Universities of Iowa and Michigan were denounced for being "leftist" and it was decided to set up special committees at many universities and colleges to fight such tendencies. A representative of the Knights of Columbus boasted of having muzzled a publication of City College, in New York. A subcommittee was appointed to inspect the work of the Institute for Propaganda Analysis and see that it is not "leftist." Plans were laid to fight "radicalism" among film workers in Hollywood—presumably by threatening to boycott films in which radical actors or writers had participated.

It was reported that after pressure, the publisher of a magazine called "Mr." had ordered his editor to make only friendly references to Catholics in future. Another report told how a committee had protested to Irita Van Doren, editor of Books, published by The New York Herald Tribune. Mrs. Van Doren had permitted John Haynes Holmes to review Upton Sinclair's book, "Our Lady." When Mrs. Van Doren was not sufficiently humble under Catholic pressure, the committee complained [illegible] bune's managing editor. Another committee reported it had gone to the book-publishing firm of Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., to demand that it should not publish a new book by Dr. Sigmund Freud which, the Press Relations Committee had heard, was anti-Catholic.

Not one of all these activities was an attempt to discipline Catholics or Catholic organizations or periodicals. In every case, this committee, representing the views of one church, embracing only one-sixth of the American population, has sought to edit material intended for Protestants, Catholics, Jews and everyone else. We cannot assume that the serious and sober element in American Catholicism stands behind this anti-democratic attitude.

Ford Men in Michigan

Although Harry S. Toy was defeated by a 400,000 to 200,000 landslide in his campaign for the Republican nomination for Governor of Michigan, the Ford standard is still borne by three Republican candidates for key posts in Wayne County (Detroit) and five of the six Republican congressional candidates in the Detroit area. Of the local candidates, one was an assistant prosecutor under Toy and his campaign publicity is being carried on by a company that handles Ford advertising, the second was a former investigator under Toy and is now a member of Ford's "Service Department," headed by Harry H. Bennett, and the third is a lawyer who handled the Ford defense in the NLRB hearings arising out of the attack on labor leaders Richard Frankensteen and Walter Reuther. Toy, whose close connection with Bennett was notorious while he was Wayne County prosecutor, was defeated by a vote to some extent swollen by supporters of Governor Frank Murphy, who was unopposed for the Democratic nomination. However, the successful Republican candidate, Frank D. Fitzgerald, is merely a Republican regular who closely follows Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg and attempts a middle-of-the-road pose.

The Republicans are backed by the Townsendites and the anti-New Deal "Constitutional Democrats" are putting up a ticket for the sole purpose of defeating Murphy. But the establishment of peace by the CIO in the long standing internal fight in the United Auto Workers and emphasis on the Governor's accomplishments should bring about unity of the progressives behind Governor Murphy, who, as he says, "went through seven months of revolution in Michigan and never lost a life or arrested a man."

Is Uncle Sam Opposed to Books?

It sounds odd to say that our federal government doesn't want the American people to read books; yet the actions of officials seem to support that idea. Although newspapers and magazines go all over the country at an extremely low rate (for non-advertising

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sively higher with the distance traveled. Since four-fifths of all books are published in New York and one or two other Atlantic seaboard cities, this means that you are penalized severely if you live in the Middle West and still more so on the Pacific Coast. For a given weight, postage on books is three times as great when sent only a few miles and almost nine times as great when sent across the country. Under international postal agreement, rates are more reasonable on books sent abroad than those shipped at home; you can send a book from New York to Tokyo for less money than to Phoenix, Arizona. Indeed, postal rates on books are so high that publishers can use the mails only to nearby zones and for small packages.

The result is bad from every point of view. It makes books cost more than they ought to, and thereby cuts down their consumption. The 90,000,000 Americans who live where there are no bookstores and either inadequate library facilities or none, are penalized so heavily that in many cases the postage on a book is nearly 100 percent of its selling price. A movement has recently been undertaken to have the Post Office distribute books at a low, uniform rate throughout the country. Those behind it believe that the increased volume of business would prevent making the postal deficit any larger and would probably reduce it. Certainly the proposal deserves expert and thorough examination.

A New Air Policy

Press reports indicate that the War Department is considering the standardization of airplane models in order to speed up industrial production in wartime. This, it is suggested, means that for the present we shall build no more of the "super-flying-fortress" type of long-range bomber. For our purposes—since we are not building toward war at a given date—our air forces, both of the army and navy, must consist in time of peace of successive groups of ships ranging from semi-obsolete up to the latest development. This is inherent in the very nature of the airplane, a rapidly developing, complicated weapon which the march of science is continually improving. According to military theory, enough planes must be ever at hand to meet the call of emergency; too many must not be built lest too much money and material be tied up in planes that rapidly become obsolete. It is a situation that calls for careful weighing of the demands of military security against those of economy, and must be based on an industrial organization ready to speed up production at need. As for the long-range army bomber, we have to consider not only the difficulty of standardizing this type for mass production, but the long standing dispute between army and navy as to which shall have the responsibility for flying over the sea in the defense of our coasts. This is but one indication of the imperative abroad—for a permanent consultative and coördinating body, such as the British Committee of Imperial Defense, which shall study and report on our national-defense requirements in their broader aspects.

News Notes of a Week

Open warfare in everything but name now exists in Palestine. The British, with more than 20,000 soldiers in that country or on the way, are fighting an undetermined but large number of Arabs who presumably have had Italian and German assistance. The American government, which at first seemed inclined to tell Great Britain she could not alter the terms of Jewish immigration to Palestine without our consent, thought better of this and indicated that this country would merely reserve the right to protest. . . . The news that President Cárdenas of Mexico was seeking direct negotiations with American and British oil interests suggested that some sort of compromise may be effected in this dispute.

At home, the Dies Committee continued to make the wildest charges against a long list of well known people without, so far as can be judged, creating any proportionate excitement in the public mind. . . . The trial of German spies in New York revealed a group of incompetent, underpaid secret agents accumulating information most of which was already public property. . . . A first-class scandal broke out in New Mexico, where many leading political figures were indicted for misuse of WPA funds.

National Defense Again

THE MORAL VICTORY of the Fascist dictatorships in Europe, plus the extended activities of Japan in China, have frightened many Americans into what threatens to be a stampede for gigantic armaments. Britain and France had to give in because their military preparations were not sufficient to deter Hitler from a serious intention to fight them if they were obdurate—at least so the legend runs. We must not be caught similarly unprepared. We should be able to tell the bullies where to stop if they try to conquer the world and find us in the way. In addition, a great armament program brings prosperity and is not subject to the criticism from conservatives that is directed against the WPA. Who would not be safe and prosperous at the same time?

The New Republic does not occupy the pacifist position that this nation is in no danger of ever having to make war, or that at any rate it should never fight, whatever the provocation. We believe in adequate—and, under circumstances like the present—in impregnable defense. The questions remain to be answered, however, defense against what? And what does this

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The first necessity is a perfectly clear understanding, both on our part and on the part of others, concerning what we will fight for. Lack of such understanding was one of the causes of the recent débâcle in Europe. We should make no commitments that we are not firmly resolved to fulfill, and we should leave no shadow of doubt, from the very beginning, that we will fulfill the commitments we make.

It is by this time well established that the United States has no territorial ambitions of its own in any part of the world, and does not intend to engage in war in Europe or Asia for any reason. While it may be argued that we might, in spite of these intentions, be drawn into a war in some other continental area, the American people certainly are not ready to inaugurate an armament program on the basis of that supposition. If some time we want to wander off and engage in hostilities far from home, we shall have to find the resources with which to do so when the time comes.

Almost everyone will agree that we would fight to repel foreign invasion of the continental United States. But that, at the moment, is a wholly fantastic danger. We have no neighbor that in his wildest moments would dream of attacking us. No European or Asiatic power, or combination of powers, could possibly cross the intervening oceans and land an expeditionary force without first disabling our navy. It is even ridiculous to suppose that we are subject to air attack, since no bomber yet built can cross the Atlantic with an efficient military load. Certainly any nation which attempted such an enterprise would lose most of its bombing fleet on the first return journey, if not before. An air attack launched from an airplane carrier would, again, be helpless before a navy strong enough to deal with the carrier.

Our present safety from attack depends, however, on certain conditions that might be temporary. One of these is that an aggressive power might establish a military, naval or air base within striking distance—in Canada or Mexico, for instance, or in the Atlantic. For this reason it is wise to extend our warning against invasion—or even against accession of territory—not only to our own neighboring possessions, but to contiguous continental nations and to Atlantic islands. President Roosevelt was well advised, we believe, in announcing that in case of necessity we should defend Canada against attack. If the rumor should be substantiated that Great Britain intends to let Germany have Portuguese colonies, we should interpose a veto upon her acquisition of the Azores or the Canaries. Likewise we ought not to allow a German, Japanese or Italian naval or air base to be established anywhere on this continent, much less consent to the acquisition of large territories by any of these nations.

As far as Latin America is concerned, such a course must certainly have political as well as military implementation. The Monroe Doctrine as a unilateral declaration does not harmoniz[illegible] policy; we should invite help from other American states in maintaining defense against possible invasion by European or Asiatic powers.

All this points to the importance of a navy strong enough to dominate the Western Atlantic and the Eastern Pacific. We already have one of the two most powerful navies in the world. Before Munich, it would have been sufficient for our purpose, with the assumed help of the British in preserving from attack Canada and the British Empire's island possessions in American waters. But since British prestige and power have suffered so drastic a defeat, we cannot tell what further concessions might be wrung from London. Furthermore, the home bases of the British navy might conceivably be crippled in a European war. It is therefore prudent to reckon that we might have to count the British navy out—though not, of course, to think that it might be ranged against us.

Even so, the defense program outlined by Major George Fielding Eliot in The New Republic of March 30, 1938, would seem to be ample. This called for a total of eighteen battleships, two of which were to be kept continually in the Atlantic, plus the other ships that normally would be needed to supplement such a fleet. The twelve battleships we now have in the Pacific give us a 20-percent superiority over Japan; four more are allowed for to overbalance the three Japan is supposed to be building. This superiority would be necessary, on account of the distance factor alone, if we did not want a margin of safety to provide against attack while some ships were laid up or in use elsewhere. An increase in the submarine fleet is probably desirable, as well as experimentation with new types of small craft such as motor torpedo-boats. In the Atlantic, Germany and Italy together will have, under present plans, thirteen battleships. But they would not be able to send their entire fleet away from European waters, denuding the Baltic and the Mediterranean. Seven at the most could be spared, and these would have to seek out and destroy our fleet in the Caribbean in order not to leave the aggressors' flanks unprotected in an attempted invasion of either North or South America. Our Atlantic fleet could be sufficiently reinforced from the Pacific in such an event to be able to deal with the enemy, even if we were being attacked by Japan at the same time. Even an inferior force which can stay close to its bases and must be sought out by the enemy has a great advantage in battle.

Major Eliot also recommended building the Nicaragua canal as an additional aid for quick passage from one ocean to the other. We do not need, therefore, to enlarge greatly the present naval program, but merely to hasten its completion, and in addition to build a canal that would have use in peace as well as in war.

For preparation against dangers of this sort we certainly do not need an increased army. Mainly what is

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defense equipment. Our air force is already large and efficient; under present plans it will be adequate to cope with any possible eventuality.

Improvements can be made in both army and navy; certainly changes in organization and material will be dictated from time to time by the changes in military science. But nothing is in sight that would demand a program of militarization big enough to engage a large portion of the productive energies of the country. Expensive as battleships are, we should not be building more than three or four at once—something that would add to spending hardly more than a few additional bridges or skyscrapers. Those nations which have prospered temporarily by increased armament have done so chiefly by equipping millions of men under arms and building thousands of miles of fortifications. As a substitute for the WPA, any sensible armament program would be a flop.

A Floor Under Wages

ANOTHER GREAT SOCIAL EXPERIMENT has begun in the United States. Since October 24, it has been illegal for industries engaged in interstate commerce to pay less than twenty-five cents an hour, or require work of more than forty-four hours a week without paying (in cash) time and a half for overtime. In such industries, children below sixteen may not be employed at all, and those below eighteen only if the work is not "hazardous or unhealthy." Over a period of years, the minimum wage will be raised progressively to forty cents and the maximum working week be reduced to forty hours. In single industries, minimum wage rates higher than the national standard may be set with the advice and coöperation of the special boards that are to be created in each.

At the beginning, hardly any effort at enforcement will be made. Administrator Elmer Andrews has only a skeleton staff, and is overwhelmed with inquiries and appeals for advice. He has been speaking in various parts of the country and answering questions freely in regard to the interpretation of the clauses of the law. We hope these offhand verbal statements will not rise to plague him later on. While some of them have been only obvious common sense, others seem to us highly questionable; he may live to find that some of these innocent-looking inquiries were carefully planted by enemies of the purposes behind this legislation.

The first few days of the new law were marked by a flood of statements in the press about various factories, especially in the South, which have announced they cannot pay twenty-five cents an hour for a forty-four-hour week and are going out of business. It is well to reserve judgment on the validity of these statements. We remember a good many manufacturers in election, announce that if the Republicans do not win, the plant will close down the following day. So far as we are aware, no one has ever yet made good on a threat of this kind. It may be true that some plants will actually have to close temporarily, or even permanently, because of the provisions of the new law. If the present marked increase in business continues, it will both make such closings more unlikely and will help to absorb whatever unemployment is thereby created.

Against such difficulties must be weighed the gain to the country as a whole in removing conditions where a family has to live on less than $11 a week, in the proportionate strengthening of other wages which, while low, are not beneath the minimum, and in the curtailment of child labor. It is estimated that in the first year, only about 750,000 individuals will be affected as to monetary rates and only about 1,500,000 as to overtime beyond forty-four hours. Neither of these is a staggering figure in a country with about forty-three million wage workers and twelve or thirteen million in various types of manufactures.

The new law casts a sharp light backward on the National Recovery Act, which attempted to achieve somewhat the same result by the use primarily of ballyhoo and bluster. That act was overturned by the Supreme Court and was largely ineffective even before it received its *coup de grace*. Voluntary coöperation and self-denying ordinances by business have been omitted from the new proposal. For the first time, it gives a really effective club for the decent majority in any business to use against the indecent minority which provides cut-throat competition through starvation wages. Prophecy is always dangerous, but we will risk our reputation by saying that in the new law the United States has once again recognized a changed social situation by taking a step from which there will be no turning back.

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Editors
BRUCE BLIVEN MALCOLM COWLEY R. M. LOVETT
GEORGE SOULE STARK YOUNG

Assistant Editors: OTIS FERGUSON ELIZABETH HULING

Contributing Editors
H. N. BRAILSFORD HEYWOOD BROUN JOHN T. FLYNN
WALDO FRANK E. C. LINDEMAN W. P. MANGOLD
JON. MITCHELL LEWIS MUMFORD R. G. TUGWELL

Treasurer: DANIEL MEBANE

E. G. WOOD, *Advertising Manager* BYRON DEXTER, *Circulation Manager*

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How Will the Election Come Out?

WASHINGTON POLITICIANS expect that on November 9, the day after the mid-term election, the Republicans will wake up with a few small victories. Conservative newspapers, no doubt, will try to puff them up into a defeat for Mr. Roosevelt and the New Deal. Paradoxically, however, the exact contrary may be true.

This year's election has meaning only when it is placed against the great Roosevelt tidal wave of 1936. Most observers thought then that Governor Landon was a singularly weak Republican candidate. By promises of federal spending on his last wild, desperate invasion of California, he alienated many reactionaries. By his close alliance with anti-union corporation heads like Mr. Pew of Sun Oil and Mr. Weir of National Steel, he alienated Republican middle-of-the-roaders.

In 1936, some eighty Democratic members of the House were elected by pluralities of two percent or less. Democratic strategists, in private conversation, conceded that these were fluke victories and that the seats would probably be lost in 1938, when the magic Roosevelt name would be lacking from Democratic ballots. Bravely they announced that the Democratic majority in the House was "unwieldy," that it had too many "wild men" and that it would be a blessing if it were cut down by Republican mid-term victories. Along with House seats, they expected to lose a number of state administrations.

The only contests about which the Democrats have been able to feel serene are those for the Senate. Here they are virtually guaranteed against loss, since, by a lucky accident, all but a handful of this year's elections are in the South. The Democratic seat in perhaps the greatest danger is that of Mr. George McGill in Kansas, where he is being fought by the brilliant, spectacular, quasi-liberal Mr. Clyde Reed. Among other Democratic seats not altogether safe are those in New Hampshire and South Dakota. On the other hand, the Democrats may gain a seat in Pennsylvania, where Mr. George H. Earle is making an unexpectedly strong campaign against Mr. "Puddler Jim" Davis.

As has just been pointed out, for two years the Democrats have faced a "normal" mid-term loss in the House of about eighty seats. After the defeat of Mr. Roosevelt's reorganization bill last spring, many observers predicted a hundred-seat loss. Democratic Party workers have now begun to say that the loss can be held to no more than thirty. If this turns out to be true, it will be a triumph for Mr. Roosevelt and the New Deal. It will mean that the New Deal is more popular than—by all the rules of politics—it ought to be.

According to reports reaching Washington from leaders and the p[illegible]

the benefit of a marked shift of sentiment that first became apparent in mid-September. A subterranean movement among the voters of this sort can never be appraised with certainty, but observers believe it to be a direct result of the European war scare. Diplomatic authorities may disagree whether Mr. Roosevelt's notes to MM. Hitler and Mussolini were of great importance in bringing about the Munich agreement. The mass of voters, however, have apparently decided that Mr. Roosevelt took an honorable and worthy part in whatever it was that happened in Europe—they are not just sure what. They give him credit for the upthrust that has since occurred in the securities and commodities markets. The promise of jobs is once more in the air, the greatest of all campaign lures.

Along with a loss in House seats, the Democrats have also faced a loss in state governorships. At the start of the campaign last spring, observers gave the Republicans a better than even chance in the New England states, and in New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Ohio, Minnesota, Kansas and Iowa. Even these victories probably could not have made the Republicans a real threat in the 1940 presidential election, but they would at least have raised them from a helpless group of alarm-croakers to a responsible minority party.

Of these states, the two most important are New York and Pennsylvania, with one-tenth and one-twelfth, respectively, of all electoral votes. Since 1936, the state Republican organization in New York has been captured by a group of ambitious young men, of whom the best known are Messrs. Kenneth F. Simpson, Bruce Barton and Thomas E. Dewey. They recruited support for their party among the LaGuardia followers in New York City with great skill. As a result of soundings among the voters some weeks ago, the infallible Mr. Farley is supposed to have discovered that—as long as his two best vote-getters, Governor Lehman and Senator Wagner, both insisted on running for the Senate—nothing could prevent the state administration from falling into Republican hands. In the last nervous moment before the nominations, Mr. Lehman relented, agreeing to oppose Mr. Dewey. With Mr. Lehman's decision, it seems likely that all the elaborate plans of the New York Republicans have crashed.

From the Republican point of view, the prospects in Pennsylvania were still brighter. The state Democratic organization was split by last May's ferocious primary fight, and the CIO-A. F. of L. feud had divided the party's labor following. The Attorney-General, Mr. Charles Margiotti, had made horrendous accusations against Governor George H. Earle and the state party

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the last week or two, however, Pennsylvania's political hexer, Senator Joe Guffey, has brought the Democratic factions into substantial harmony, and, in defiance of President William Green, the A. F. of L. unions have decided to join their CIO fellow workers in support of the Democratic ticket. The charges of graft against Mr. Earle's administration have been partly offset by the amazingly stupid speeches of Judge James, the Republican nominee for Governor, who campaigns with a miners' quartet in beautifully pressed overalls. Among other things, Mr. James has said he would like to burn the Earle administration's "little New Deal" legislation. Earle supporters say that this means the destruction of the state's social-security laws, and call Mr. James's backers, Messrs. Pew, Weir, Grundy and Annenberg, the "bonfire boys."

In New England, the chief Republican strength comes from what is—in the light of the party's demand for a balanced federal budget—a scandalously immoral deal with the Townsend movement. In the September election in Maine, where the Republicans won, all three congressional candidates had had Dr. Townsend's hands laid on them. In New Hampshire, Senator Fred H. Brown, aggressive, hard-working New Dealer, is being sharply pressed by a Townsendite Congressman, Mr. Charles W. Tobey. The Republican Party in Massachusetts takes its strategy from Senator Henry Cabot Lodge—even younger and much more cynical than the New York leaders—and, under his guidance, has just concluded a formal treaty with the Townsend movement. Although the Townsendites are a less important factor in Connecticut, both parties there are bedeviled by the fact that many prominent leaders are under indictment for stealing public funds.

The remaining Atlantic Coast state where the Republicans hoped to win was New Jersey. Mayor Hague's essay in totalitarianism, it was believed, would turn organized labor and liberals against whatever ticket the Democrats put up. The Democratic candidate for the Senate, former WPA administrator Ely, however, seems to have largely escaped the Hague stigma, despite the fact that he will receive Mr. Hague's reliable Hudson County majority on election day. Mr. Ely is making an energetic fight against his Republican rival, former Senator Barbour, and may win.

Except for New England, probably the Republicans' best chance to make a showing is in Ohio. The state Democratic Party is deeply divided between the business-minded supporters of Mr. Martin L. Davey, Ohio's most elegantly tailored Governor, and the rank-and-file members, led by Mr. Charles Sawyer. With the CIO's backing, Mr. Sawyer defeated Mr. Davey in the party primary, and the Davey supporters are [illegible] bitter. The Republican candidate for [illegible] paigner, and is reported to have aroused Ohio's farmers with tales of Communist influence in the CIO. The rival nominees for the Senate, Messrs. Robert J. Bulkley and Robert A. Taft, are engaged in a series of widely advertised joint debates, and, although Mr. Taft is didactic and stiff, he is still nimbler in his intellectual footwork than the lumbering Mr. Bulkley. If either Mr. Bricker or Mr. Taft is elected, he will at once become a Republican presidential possibility for 1940.

The situation in Minnesota is not unlike that in Ohio. The majority party—the Farmer-Labor Party—is split, and its defeated conservative faction, under Mr. Hjalmar Peterson, is sulky and disloyal. Governor Benson's opponent, Mr. Harold E. Stassen, is another of the Republican Party's "new faces," thirty-one years old and extremely apt at liberal promises. He will receive many Democratic and right-wing Farmer-Labor votes. Although Governor Benson is expected to win, Mr. Stassen will give him a hard race.

The troubles of Senator McGill in Kansas come partly from his own colorlessness in contrast to the dashing personality of his opponent, Mr. Reed. The latter had an honorable record for liberalism during his term as Governor, and now wears a shining aureole as a result of his primary defeat of the *schreckliche* Gerald L. Winrod, prairie Führer. Mr. McGill also suffers from the confusion and anger of the wheat farmers of Kansas over the new AAA program. This is the first test of the act's machinery, and local AAA officials are said to have permitted themselves to become badly snarled in red tape. The AAA in Washington is making prodigious efforts to rush wheat loans to Kansas before election day; if they arrive in time, they will help Mr. McGill greatly.

In neighboring Iowa, the unpurged Senator Gillette is thought certain of reëlection. His opponent, Mr. Lester "Dog-Food" Dickinson, has not been forgiven for bringing ridicule on Ioway's fair name during his previous Senate term. The situation of Mr. Gillette's running mate, Governor Kraschel, however, is less happy, and is worth mention for the insight it gives into the policy of the National Progressives of America, new party of the La Follette brothers. Mr. Kraschel's Republican rival is a utility lawyer, Mr. George Wilson, who in 1936 lost to Mr. Kraschel by less than 3,000 votes. In the present campaign, the NPA has entered its own candidate for Governor, who may easily obtain the few thousand votes that will give Mr. Wilson victory. According to report, great efforts were made to persuade the NPA to withdraw its candidate, but the NPA remained adamant. It should be added that Mr. Kraschel, not long ago, called out the national guard to break the Maytag Washing Machine strike, and is distrusted by Midwest leaders of the CIO.

The most significant election among the Rocky

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O'Connell, militant leader of the House liberals, is waging an uphill struggle against the utility and mining interests. The O'Connell partisans charge that the Montana Democratic organization, on orders from Senator Burt Wheeler, is secretly aiding his Republican adversary, Dr. J. Thorkelson.

The Pacific Coast elections have a different character from those anywhere else in the country. In no other states is the struggle of economic classes displayed with comparable nakedness. In California, Oregon, Washington, voters are being asked to decide on referenda drafted coldly, purposefully, to smash all labor unions. The Republican candidate for Senator in California, Mr. Philip Bancroft, is backed by the semi-fascist Associated Farmers, and is perhaps the most bleakly reactionary public figure in America. His father, Mr. H. H. Bancroft, incidentally, was the world's first mass-production historian, employing at one time more than a hundred writers and researchers. His opponent, Mr. Sheridan Downey, has the support of the bizarre "Ham-and-Eggs," or "Thirty-Dollars-Every-Thursday," movement. Perhaps the savagery of the California election marks a final flare-up of the Coast's labor warfare of the last five years. A few pessimists in Washington predict that it is the forerunner of a new internal struggle that will sweep eastward to the Atlantic.

Washington JONATHAN MITCHELL

Father Coughlin: Anti-Semite

IN HUNDREDS of big and little ways the fascist pattern in America copies that of Italy and Germany. Red-baiting, Jew-baiting, labor-baiting, intellectual-baiting, are all parts of the design, and the whole —as Mussolini boastfully wrote—is illiberal, anti-liberal, anti-democratic and reactionary. An apt illustration is the latest phase in the activities of Father Coughlin.

At the time the radio priest thundered against gold —and made a nice speculator's profit in silver—he was all for the New Deal, for labor, and against the money-changers, regardless of race or religion. He was equally opposed to fascism and communism. That he was a demagogue was obvious, but five years ago the traces of fascism were apparent only to those who know its course.

In recent issues of his weekly, Social Justice, Father Coughlin (after whose name appear the words, "by permission of his Ecclesiastical Superior") has shown himself to be the leading anti-Semite in America. He now outdoes the Silver Shirts, the American Vigilant Federation and various Ku Kluxers in the republication or dissemination of the notorious forgeries called "The Protocols of Zion"; moreover, he is cynically aware that he is peddling falsehood, as his editorial remarks clearly indicate.

Thus, in the September 12 issue—devoted to helping nominate John J. O'Connor, who was, however, defeated—he prints Protocols No. 13 and 14, after attacking the radio chains for refusing to rent him time on the grounds that his oratory was (to say the least) controversial. In a two-column introduction to that week's portion of the "Protocols," Father Coughlin attacks the radio owners as Jews, and furthermore accuses them of "doing little or nothing to militate against communism, although they feed the people the propaganda of 'bread and circuses'. . . ." The "Protocols" from The Observer, official newspaper of the Rockford, Illinois, diocese, Coughlin says it "completely misunderstands the motives of Social Justice in exposing the reputed 'Protocols of Zion'"; he actually prints The Observer's statement that the things are "crazy forgeries." But the reason for republishing this editorial is that the Catholic organ also attacks Jewish leaders because many of their people sympathize with the Loyalist Spanish government. "We feel it our duty," says The Observer, "to expose again the forgery of the 'Protocols.' We also feel it our duty to inform the mass of the Jewish people of the dangerous paths charted by their alleged leaders."

In reprinting the forgeries, knowing them to be forgeries, Coughlin uses vicious means to gain an end —and yet he would be the first to denounce as a fraud the old allegation that the Jesuits have as their guiding principle the idea that the end justifies the means.

Coughlin's anti-Semitism is, like Mussolini's and Hitler's, an emotional part of a Red-baiting, anti-labor, anti-progressive campaign. Thus, a large part of the weekly is devoted to attacking the CIO, in which, by the way, there are powerful progressive Catholic leaders and elements. Coughlin supports Homer Martin but calls the CIO a dictatorship; he claims that most newspapers are opposed to unionization because of "sad personal experience; as in the case of the radical-dominated Newspaper Guild—in too many cases organized by outright Communists. . . ." This is of course nonsense. Publishers have fought labor for a century. The Guild is not Communist-organized. But now we come to something more significant. "Will the Ford Motor Company ever be organized?" Father Coughlin asks and answers: "Eventually. Craft members at the Ford plant, in many departments, are already members of the trade union for their craft. The irresponsible, not

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has, more than any antecedent attitude of the owners, prevented earlier negotiations. Mr. Ford has frequently stated his views that both management and labor unions were being controlled and exploited by the same alien and un-American interests. . . ." Coughlin predicts that if Martin cleans out more "reds" the "union story at the huge Ford industry might become completely different."

This sort of talk sounds familiar. It parallels evidence in the La Follette Committee reports on the activities of priests and preachers in mill and factory towns whose churches were supported by corporation donations and whose sermons helped deceive labor as to its own interests. The La Follette Committee might do worse than look into the Ford-Martin-Coughlin friendship, and tell us how platonic it is.

A page in Social Justice is devoted to letters from readers. One gives thanks for supporting a pilgrimage to the Shrine of the Little Flower. Another informs Hitler that the Jews, who comprise four percent of the Czechoslovakian population, control 70 percent of the nation's business. Our tariff arrangement with Czechoslovakia is explained "when it is disclosed that Cordell Hull is married into the international Jewish banking house of Kuhn, Loeb and Company—who have holdings in thousands of Czechoslovakian enterprises." The same writer calls the directors of the Bank of England "Rothschild tools." Another letter demands the arrest of Harry Bridges.

The featured article is by Edward Lodge Curran, Ph.D. It supports O'Connor and is the usual buncombe and drivel that attend the usual campaign between Democratic and Republican politicians. It is distinguished only by the fact that the author is president of the Catholic Truth Society—the man and organization which changed the attitude of a Brooklyn daily newspaper towards Loyalist Spain by the threat of canceling a $20,000 contract.

But Father Coughlin adds a nuance to the usual fascist pattern. It is in the form of a combination circulation stunt and intelligence quiz, and it is called, of all things, "The Christian Front Contest." Some of the questions are factual or innocent, others are a complete avowal of fascism. Thus, the first asks: "Who first taught the doctrine of the living wage?" and permits the reader to choose among (1) Karl Marx; (2) Leo XIII; (3) Jesus Christ; (4) Pius IX . . ., etc. But the fourth contest betrays Father Coughlin's fine Italian hand. "Of fascism and communism, why is fascism the less of two evils?" he asks, and these are some of the reasons the contestant may check:

1. Fascism guarantees free elections.
3. Fascism recognizes private ownership of property.
6. Fascism permits free exercise of religion.

The tenth contest is called "Why is communism

1. Communism aims at abolition of private ownership of property.
3. Communism is opposed to fascism, which is completely Christian.
4. Christ was a fascist.

In the twelfth test the question is "Why can communism never be called democracy?" and the first of the eight possible answers is: "Because its opposite, fascism, is democratic."

It is of course true that the sample answers quoted here may be the wrong answers, according to Coughlin and his judges, but no reader can miss the editorial bias in their wording. In test ten, answer (3), for example, the part "communism is opposed to fascism" is a fact, but the concluding part, that fascism "is completely Christian" is purely an added editorial opinion, and pretty well gives Father Coughlin away.

"The Man of the Week" department on September 12 is not devoted to its usual personality, but to any union workman. He "wears overalls and a union button," begins the article; he has "a firm belief in the 'American way' of doing things"; he is idealistically described for five paragraphs, and then:

> But this union man's peace of mind is being disturbed. His faith in unionism is being shattered by selfish labor leaders whose first thought is the accumulation of dues-dollars; whose thoughts for the welfare of the men they serve are only secondary. He sees labor's ranks split. He sees the undemocratic CIO reaching for control over autonomous unions. And he can't down the feeling that "dictators" have no place in labor, or politics.

None of Father Coughlin's published Red-baiting will occasion surprise. Red-baiting has always been a system of approaching fascism. Anti-Semitism is a still better sign, because all Fascists need scapegoats and there are no libel laws in America that protect races and religions from lies, forgeries and demagoguery. The attempt to split labor by attacking the progressive elements worked well in Italy and Germany, and all pseudo-patriotic fascist organizations in America, as well as Coughlin, play that game here. There is almost no editorial difference between the Nazi weeklies and Coughlin's. Social Justice is saturated with class, religious and racial hatred and permeated with obscurantism.

Throughout its pages appear again and again the words "Rev. Charles E. Coughlin, LL.D. (by permission of his Ecclesiastical Superior)." This fact distinguishes Coughlin from the Nazis. Is Father Coughlin leading his anti-Semitic movement by permission of his bishop, his cardinal, the Pope in Rome? Is he spreading hatred and obscurantism by permission of the Catholic hierarchy? Has this "permission" placed the stamp of approval of the Roman Catholic Church on his views and words? We do not believe this is so. But

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Wasteland

THERE WAS A TIME—it seems many ages ago but we have learned to measure our secular trends in terms of decades or even years—when a man could say: "On this rock I will build my church." But there are few of the old churches left standing today, and not merely because of artillery bombardment. The old liberalism is gone, the old socialism and communism are gone. Even the old conservatism is gone: men can no longer be conservative—they find themselves pushed by events into being reactionaries. The distance that separates us from the pre-fascist era is even greater than the distance that separates us from the pre-war era. The old landmarks are gone, that we once used in finding our intellectual way around. What is left is the bare and trackless face of bewilderment.

Of the foundations of our culture, what can the young man or woman of today turn to without hopelessness or fear? We made a good deal once of the sanctity of the individual, but we have seen individualism turn into the anarchy of laissez-faire or run amuck into the glorification of the dictator. The dreams our young men have for generations dreamt were dreams of capitalist expansion; but it is a truism that the frontiers of such expansion are gone. Capitalism, which was once a principle of growth, has become only a principle for the retention of past growth. There is no group today more frightened than the capitalists. Their fright has made them turn to terror and tyranny, and what was once the dream of the young has become the nightmare of all. As for science and technology, they have lost the magic they once possessed for us. Who now speaks of the laboratory as an idol? For one thing, we have lost the secret—if we ever had it—of how to sell what science and the factory produce. For another, we have seen how barbaric may be the consequences of mechanization when turned to the uses of death rather than life. For an earlier generation in America, Thorstein Veblen was a prophet because he turned for salvation from the capitalist to the engineer; and technocracy, although dead as a movement, has left its mark on the thinking of every group. But the weakness of those who still talk of technology as salvation is that they fail to tell us to what use the technological skills will be put. They omit the *cui bono*. They would substitute measurement for value but they have not grappled with the problem of values.

If we turn from the productive and acquisitive arts to the governmental, we find the same wasteland. Liberalism, where it has not wholly failed, is being abandoned. As an economic program it has become a never-never land toward which there can be no retreat. [illegible] realize the tenacity with which the capitalists still cling to their old power under democratic forms. The classic liberal is no longer at the growing-point of thought. He has taken on the querulous accent of the martyr. But the plague of doubt has visited not only the liberals. Radicals have been inclined in the past to scoff at liberalism and to turn instead to the craggy "realism" of proletarian dictatorship. But even the Marxians today feel shell-shocked by the swift growth of fascism. There remains finally, as a world outlook, democracy. But for all my belief in the inner strength of democracy, I must confess that democracy is much slobbered over today but rarely understood. There are false clamorings and some genuine fears about what majorities may do, and there is a realization of how they have been used and misused in the march of adventurers to power.

We have abandoned the ancient virtues because of our fear of strange and false gods. The Russian Revolution and the fascist successes have cut clear across our conciousness with a shock of impact never before experienced since the Protestant Reformation and the religious wars. That shock has dislocated us from our accustomed positions without giving most of us any new base of operations. But revolutions are end-products. The process of which they form part has been a long-drawn-out process of capitalist collapse, brought to the bursting-point by the World War. The result has been the removal of the psychological barriers not only to revolution but to barbarism as well. It is this removal of barriers and the sudden revulsion of fear as to what lies beyond them that have most decisively marked the outlook of our age.

Basic to our malaise today is the disquieting cleavage between economics and politics. We live by what sustains life, but we think by what gives life meaning and nobility. One is economics, the other is, in its broadest sense, politics. One is community survival, the other is community government. Liberals and Marxists have in the past differed on almost every item of belief. But one item they shared—the belief in the unity of economics and politics. The liberal held that if your political system were only good, it would allow the economic system to find its true beneficence. If only you had laws, education, freedom, then economic justice would be the eventual sequel. The Marxian view was that if only your economic base were sound, the political system would take care of itself. Liberalism and Marxism were in this sense inverted forms of each other. But we have now learned, on this score at least, that both were art forms aiming at symmetry, rather than [illegible]

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Popular Front, American democracy, English Cabinet government, have been impotent to solve their economic problems. And an efficiently planned economy, like that of the Soviet Union—or even Germany, in its own sense of planning—has proved politically autocratic.

Hence our new nihilism and, what is even worse, our new luxuriant crop of desperate and short-lived beliefs. And so we seek consolation in all manner of doctrine—in the pacifism of "men of good will," in a frustrate extreme leftism, in an opportunist communism, in a tired New Dealism, in a disbelieving liberalism, in a tedious and frightened parroting of the merits of any "middle way," in a neo-scholasticism, in a preoccupation not with life but with its symbols, its myths, its language.

This widespread social pessimism does not spring from decadence. It is not, like the pessimism of prerevolutionary Tsarism or Spain after the expulsion of the Jews, the product of a class no longer able to govern, and losing itself in religious mysticism and orgiastic individualism. Nor does it spring, as the fascist theorists suggest, from the decay of Western man and the failure of the democratic fiber. That democracy can still maintain its fiber, and that it has what Ernest Hemingway once called the quality of courage—"grace under pressure"—has been adequately shown in Madrid, Barcelona, Prague, Canton. If men have revealed new and unsuspected sadisms, they have also revealed new and unsuspected heroisms. Least of all should we project our sense of bewilderment and failure into a conviction of original evil, as C. E. M. Joad, for example, seems inclined to do. I disbelieve as much in original evil and man's inherent brutality as I do in original good and man's inherent perfectibility. There is a little bit of the fascist in every one of us, and a good deal in some of us. But we must learn to distinguish between the innately brutal in the human animal, the institutionally tenacious, and the historically reactionary. Of the innately brutal we can know little, except that even when most of it is channeled and sublimated there is still an uncomfortable deposit left. Of the institutionally tenacious in us, we know the immense force of habit patterns such as are involved in the emotions and ideologies clustering about property and profits, and what brutal energies may be released when those habits are uprooted. Of the historically reactionary, we can only say that the direction of political emotions at some historical moment tells us more about the quality of our institutions than it does about our original nature.

The blame for our failure and disillusionment must fall on our idiot institutions. People seem somehow in relation to the future to be divided into two categories [illegible] and the "pessimists." The pessimists say that, whether it is or not, we must keep up hope, and that "life somehow goes on." "Are you optimistic or pessimistic about the future?" someone asks, as though he were asking: "Are you bullish or bearish about the market?" The only answer can be that, if we have as little control over our institutions as an outsider has over the fluctuations of the market, then we are all lost. We mold our institutions and are molded by them. We are the hammer and the anvil. Civilization today is a death dance because of the accumulated weight of idiot institutions. Our task is the heroic one of changing and directing those institutions so that their weight will support us, instead of crushing us.

No one expects politics to be all daisies and rhododendrons. Human history is a thorny path, and it will always be tragic. But tragedy, in Nietzsche's sense, involves the triumph of the Dionysian life-giving forces in the very act of their being overwhelmed. Man's political life, like Nature, is spendthrift of its energies; there is a vast deal of ruin in it before it goes wholly to ruin; but the price of survival is militancy and social intelligence. These alone can shape institutions.

MAX LERNER

This article and subsequent ones by Mr. Lerner are taken from his book, "It Is Later Than You Think," to be published in November by the Viking Press ($2.50).
—THE EDITORS

Return from Spain

BEFORE WE KNEW IT we were coming into the harbor, full of ships and scows and the Statue of Liberty. Liberty looked overawed by the skylines and the ships, but as we drew in we could see she was just standing up there to it knowing she was going to outlast them all. We said to each other, "Stand behind me; I'm going to pass out." These towers, those cliffs of buildings, that half-sunk-whale island in sight again, with the millions of cubbyholes—and you only know the inhabitants of a few score—not home, but millions of American homes, all this in sight again is being home.

But you can be afraid to come home, and we were afraid, that the folks wouldn't understand, that we had changed too much or they had, that Hitler and Mussolini had fooled them, that Chamberlain had fooled them, that maybe they just wouldn't get it, wouldn't be fighting the way the Spanish do, the way Jaime Mitjana, the nineteen-year-old kid who used to hang around night clubs in Barcelona, now fights with his new automatic rifle—"When you are putting it together everything must go 'Clack,' so, Jeem. See? 'Clack.'" How are the Americans learning to handle their tools,

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Jaime? Some of them did, anyway. A fellow from the Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade came out with the pilot to meet us, giving us a letter with the address of a hotel where we could stay at their expense and instructions to come up to the office any time Monday to get fixed up with whatever we needed, from a major operation to a hat and a pair of shoes, all a gift from the American people. Some of them work like hell for Spain, for Czechoslovakia. But how about the rest?

We moved into the dock slowly, looking down from the deck into the upturned faces, like spectators at a ball game, until we heard someone hollering for Jack and he said, "There's my mother and sister." Then we were all looking for faces, with the familiar sickening feeling almost like going under fire, feeling I'll hate it if I see them. But Sol started hollering messages to someone—"Tell Sophie I'll see her soon. How's Harry?"—as if he couldn't believe he was going to be with them in a few minutes. "We're getting off here, kid," we told him. "This is the end of the line. And you can stay here as long as you want." "Aw, hell," he said, and kept on hollering, "Tell Sophie I'll see her soon!" "I bet I wouldn't recognize my dad if I saw him," another said. "I bet I wouldn't." But he did, all right, and so did I and so did everyone.

After a long time we were coming down the gangplank. On the dock a girl was yelling, "Where's Jack?" As I passed her I said, "He's right behind me, be right down," and she kept on calling, "Oh, Jack!" And then there was everybody and I didn't even have time to think what a nice-looking girl his sister was until the next day. That is how it was and the dock wasn't reeling just because you were used to the motion of the ship. And afterward, waiting for the customs inspector to come around, it was the same thing, meeting Jack's mother and sister, so glad to meet a friend of his who was there with him, seeing a fellow back three months now—"You're getting fat already, fella. Say, how is it being back? Are people getting smart in America? What do you think of this Chamberlain?"—and then the people who are waiting for their boys to come home —"I'm Harry's mother—do you know him?" "I don't think I ever ran across him; what outfit was he in?" "He's a lieutenant with Campesino. He's been wounded twice and I had a letter from him last week saying he was going back to the front." "Well, they're all coming back now, you know"—and other people who haven't heard from their boy for a couple of months, don't you perhaps know where he is. "I wish I did, but I never knew him; there were over three thousand Americans spread all over Spain." And the worry is looking out of her face and the warmness for you who are her boy, too.

But how about all the other people in America? What do they think? We knew we weren't heroes; but we wonder if people understand what we did and why we did it and if they are glad we did it. Boys who go to war get credit from a lot of people for being brave and from a lot of others for being damn fools who want some adventure. With us it wasn't a question of being either brave or damn fools, though some of us were either or both. We knew and still know that democracy has got to be saved. We knew and still know that the war in Spain is of first importance in saving democracy for the whole world. We hate war, but we value democracy and freedom for the world. We wonder if the American people understand these things.

The people we met on the dock understand. They took the boys from outside New York home to dinner, out to parties, and raised the money to set them up and send them home, so that one of them said to me afterward he didn't really have to go home now, because all the people at that party were just like his folks. "They sure took care of us," he said, "and some of them had boys killed over there. I guess I'll sort of have to be around there some." How many of these people are there in America? All the Americans now in Spain are coming back and they're going to ask, "Do you understand what we were fighting for? If you don't understand, listen to me. You've got to know. You've got to understand the most important thing in the world. You people who think the Spanish are licked, listen to me! You people who think the Munich boys are able to do what they want to us, listen to me!"

As far as we are concerned the war is still just as much our war as it was when we were in Spain. I am going to write Jaime Mitjana a letter in a few days to tell him what is going on in America and ask him how things are going over there. I am going to tell him that the Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade are raising money to bring the Americans back and will have to raise a lot more, and that this will be a good indication of how Americans feel about Spain. I know what he will say to that. He'll say, "Jeem, now you aren't here any more I don't have anyone to bum cigarettes from. You were a good friend, even if you never rightly understood the automatic rifle, so send me some cigarettes. I will take care of the fighting, just send me a cigarette." I'll do that, and if Americans contribute enough money to the Friends to bring all the boys home this fall, I'll write him again. This time I'll say, "All the *compañeros* are back and now we are going to work on lifting the embargo against the Spanish Republic. From the way the American people have acted about bringing the Lincoln veterans back it looks as if we could really get it done." Because if we do it I know I am going to get a letter from Jaime beginning: "As you read in the papers, we have the Fascists on the run. . . ."

That will be the day we can say we have really done something for democracy. That will be a day

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Shoot the Works

Dictated But Not Red

THE NEW YORK TIMES of late seems to have been swept by some strange decisions as to news values. Recently it has decided that every word of Woll's is precious and that Colonel Frey has a squatter's claim upon the front pages. But its generosity to Benjamin Stolberg is even more curious. Last spring he wrote a series of articles on the CIO which were syndicated in the Scripps-Howard newspapers throughout the country. It is not my intention to express any judgment here on their factual value as a whole. I merely point out that these articles were widely circulated and that the author's general thesis seemed to be that the CIO was a vital and important labor movement which was operating under the handicap of Communist infiltration.

Early in October Mr. Stolberg brought his articles out in book form under the title "The Story of the CIO." As a new book, and one of potential news value, Mr. Stolberg's contribution to labor literature was promptly and fully reviewed by the energetic book columnists of the daily press. It met a mixed reception. Isaac Don Levine, for the Hearst press, and Harry Hansen for Scripps-Howard, greeted it with rapturous enthusiasm. Ralph Thompson of The New York Times and Lewis Gannett of The Herald Tribune, who were first upon the scene, found it written in lively fashion but somewhat lacking in detached objectivity. Several days later the news department of The New York Times decided that it had hit upon a "scoop." Although Mr. Stolberg's original revelation of a Red menace in the Committee for Industrial Organization was already some five months old, The Times decided that this was worthy of a second blooming.

But if there were no quarrel with the journalistic practices of America's great factual newspaper up to this point, there would still arise the interesting question as to just why it took The Times the better part of a week to get a man around to the fire. The publication date of the book was Columbus Day, October 12, and the prompt Mr. Thompson reviewed it on that same day. It was discovered by The Times as a news story on Sunday, October 16, when it was spotted on the second page under the headline "Stolberg Says Reds Rule Large Unions."

I used to be a newspaperman once myself and also, briefly, a book critic, and I must admit I fear that journalism is on the decline when a reviewer can beat his city editor to a story by a full ninety-six hours. Mr. Stolberg did not get a good review, but perhaps "the reading notice" served as a postscript to appease him.

On the merits of the Stolberg survey as a whole I must be mute since I figure frequently and unfavorably in its pages. Who am I to say whether or no the acid portrait of myself is accurate or out of drawing. I might say mildly that since my worth and functions are set at a low figure I feel that I should hardly, in just apportionment, claim reading mention on eight pages. According to the index, "Broun, Heywood" first appears on page 150, where he is mentioned last among seven CIO men who are set down dogmatically as "either pseudonymous members of the Communist Party, or 'fellow travelers.'"

After that there follows an interlude of almost one hundred pages before "Broun" bobs up again. That is one of the reasons why I am in no position to criticize the book as a whole. I found the intermission a little dull and skipped ahead to see if I would not be resurrected. It was my fear that Stolberg had forgotten me. But like a man of character I plunged ahead and found my reward on page 247, where I read, "Mr. Broun has been for years a journalistic Broadway character, a sort of left-wing man-about-town, who knows all the right people with the left touch." So Mr. Stolberg did remember me after all. But still, I am afraid, a little vaguely, for after identifying me on page 150 as indubitably a concealed Communist or close associate, he says, on page 251, "Needless to say there was never anything more 'revolutionary' or 'communist' about the Broun clique than about the Stork Club, the Algonquin, or the Astor bar." Mr. Stolberg can't even get his bars straight. It isn't the Astor. It's Jack and Charlie's.

But in addition to these extra-curricular activities, I am described as "the journalistic trouble-shooter for the Stalinists." Like a Grecian vessel I am crushed by Stolberg between Scylla and Charybdis, since he dooms me to wear a path in the stones of Manhattan as I beat it from Billingsley's bar to Browder's office and back to Billingsley. In one paragraph of "The Story of the CIO" I am the indolent oaf who doesn't know what it is all about and serves merely as window dressing. But in the next I find myself the head man of a well oiled tyrannical machine which throttles the wishes of rank-and-file newspapermen who are "probably the most intelligent crowd in American labor." That would be a good trick, but it would be an even better one if I could make good Stolberg's statement that I write a 1,200-word column for The New York World-Telegram every day. If Ben can get 1,200 words into the space assigned to me he's a better man than either Gunga Din or the fellow who justifies the first page of the second section.

It is Mr. Stolberg's contention that the American Newspaper Guild had great potentialities but that it has been rent in twain by the ineptitude and dogmatism of its International Executive Committee and Carl Randau, the president of the New York Guild. He states that it was tragically split in the St. Louis convention of 1937. And yet Mr. Stolberg reports that the following year, "At its fifth annual convention in Toronto in June, 1938, the Guild was able to report a membership of 16,797, of which 3,282 were in the commercial departments of the industry." He notes that the Guild was able to report contracts with eighty-two newspapers and various news and photo services. He might have called attention to the fact that the New York Guild has been particularly successful in obtaining favorable agreements. Indeed Mr. Stolberg says of the Guild that it has been "amazingly successful in improving the lot of the editorial writer." And yet most of his chapter is spent in criticizing the union's executives. Seemingly they have lost everything but the Yale game.

I have no intention of recommending "The Story of the

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Washington Notes

Blackout in GOP-land

IN THE PRESENT CAMPAIGN, the Democratic managers have faced two uncertainties. The first was whether the sudden, warm admiration for Mr. Roosevelt among the mass of voters during the Czech crisis could be preserved until election day. The Guenther Rumrich spy trial in New York City, and the administration's portentous war preparations, the Democrats think, have had the happiest results. They expect that many thousands of middle-class citizens will decide that we are in the midst of a great world emergency, and, on November 8, vote Democratic.

The second uncertainty has been whether the upturn in industry that started last June would translate itself into jobs for the unemployed before the campaign ended. Perhaps the single most dramatic event of the campaign—at least up to the moment these Notes are written—has been the statement of Mr. Alfred P. Sloan Jr. that General Motors would hire 35,000 additional men. For the Democrats, Mr. Sloan's bald, unemotional words have been worth hours of radio time, tons of party literature—the more so, since they came from an absurdly improbable source. Mr. Sloan, you will recall, predicted last January the total ruin of the country as the result of Mr. Roosevelt's policies.

His statement hit the Republican Party's tender hopes like a pile-driver hitting a peanut. Top-drawer business men for many years have phrased their pre-election interviews according to an invariable pattern. When cornered by the press, Mr. Blumph mutters a few words about the unsettling effects of the current campaign, and then states that, if the Democrats win, "the future, gentlemen, will be dark, indeed." Business men shuddered ritually even in 1928, when Mr. Al Smith was the Democratic nominee. The shuddering was intense in 1932, 1934 and 1936. In the opinion of Republican strategists, Mr. Sloan is a second Benedict Arnold.

The recent pro-Roosevelt shift among the voters can apparently be traced in many states. Most travelers from Washington into Pennsylvania have been startled by the atmosphere of burglary, mayhem and arson prevailing in both parties, and have had difficulty in estimating the November results. They themselves would not vote for any of the candidates, and do not see why Pennsylvania people should. Nevertheless, until a few days ago, Mr. Arthur H. James and Mr. "Puddler Jim" Davis, the Republican nominees, were generally thought to be leading; they are now reported to be losing ground rapidly. Partly this seems to be due to Mr. Roosevelt's popularity, partly to the fact that organized labor has rallied solidly behind the Democratic ticket. Its leaders have decided, apparently, that the union-smashing record of the corporations backing the Republican Party is a more pressing evil than the Democrats' acknowledged rascality.

In Maryland, it is predicted that not only will the unpurged Mr. Tydings be reëlect[illegible]

Governors, florid, booming Harry W. Nice. Ex-Senator W. Warren Barbour, once the Senate's leading amateur boxer and now standing for a second term, has been the favorite in New Jersey, but WPA Administrator Ely, his Democratic opponent, is now giving him a stiff race. Mr. Ely's added strength comes entirely from the open—and to New Dealers, painful—alliance between the White House and Mayor Hague, recently cemented by Secretary of War Woodring at a Jersey City mass meeting. Reports from local leaders in Iowa say that the La Follette third party, the National Progressives of America, is attracting even less strength than new parties usually obtain, and that it is no longer likely that its votes will bring about the defeat of Democratic Governor Kraschel. The latter, however, may yet encompass his own defeat. Mr. Kraschel used the Iowa militia to break the Maytag strike, and recently again called out troops in a meat-packing strike—acts that have alienated labor.

The writer has been shown polls taken privately in suburbs around Los Angeles that indicate that of each hundred voters who supported Mr. Roosevelt in 1936, sixteen will this year vote for Governor Merriam, and thirty-five for the Republican candidate for the Senate, Mr. Bancroft. Political mathematicians say that, in the case of the governorship, this shift is too small to save Mr. Merriam, and foreshadows the election of the Democratic nominee, Mr. Cuthbert Olson, who, incidentally, is pledged to pardon Mr. Tom Mooney. On the other hand, the much greater shift in the case of the senatorship may mean defeat for Mr. Sheridan L. Downey, ex-EPIC leader, ex-Townsendite, and now the terrified champion of $30-Every-Thursday. In itself, the defeat of Mr. Downey might not be a national misfortune, but, in Mr. Bancroft, Washington would get one of the most bloodthirsty labor-baiters in America.

Secretary Wallace's dumping program has now been reduced to concrete details, and is reported to consist of two parts, one practical and immediate, the other nine-tenths political. The practical half has to do with dairy products. The dairy industry is continually hovering on the margin of overproduction, and milk is perhaps the chief food of which the consumption could be vastly increased by lower prices. Most of the great cities of the country are in the grip of stiff, arbitrary and probably profiteering milk monopolies. New Deal officials believe that milk represents a handmade case for federal intervention. They are now searching for big-city mayors with whom to coöperate, and it may be guessed that they have their eyes fixed on Mr. LaGuardia of New York, and Mr. Hoan of Milwaukee. The federal government will either sell milk through friendly retailers, or, if retailers are unwilling to defy the distributing monopolies, it will set up its own shops. This is the substantial part of Mr. Wallace's domestic dumping program. The Surplus Commodities Corporation will continue, as in the past, to buy a great variety of foodstuffs for distribution through relief agencies. But Mr. Wallace's apparent intention of embarking on large-scale distribution of wheat, cotton cloth, tobacco and other major crops turns out, on inspection, to look strangely like a trial balloon. If the program spontaneously evokes wide approval, the New Dealers [illegible]

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Other People's Money

Recovery Through War Scares

WELL, it looks as if the United States was going to have its war scare and of course its battle implements to match the degree of our fright. The President of the United States has set out as the drummer of fear and is deliberately selling to our people the baleful notion that some enemy is about to assail us and that we are defenseless against the coming attack. It remains now to be seen whether the liberal groups in America have become so enfeebled by confusion and doubt that they will permit themselves to be marched off behind this fantastic banner.

There is one group on the left in this country which is violently for collective security and heavy armament. This is the Communist Party. Its position is logical and easy to understand. It has one great interest in Europe and that is the preservation of the Russian experiment. In a European war it wants to see the resources of America, Britain and France on the side of Russia. It is therefore for entangling this country in the politics of Europe with the intention of embroiling us in the inevitable European quarrel. And it favors arming this country to take part in that struggle effectively. Thus it finds itself lined up with the extreme right-wing internationalists of our Eastern border who would press in the same direction, but for a different reason—namely, to unite us in that struggle with France and England.

But how far are the great and numerous liberal and progressive millions of America to be swayed by the motives of either of these groups? Yet now, at this very moment, these groups must make their decision.

The President of the United States, before he was Governor of New York, had already declared himself in favor of a national army. Attention was called to that before the campaign of 1932 by Ray Tucker in his "Mirrors of Washington." Yet in those days we were in no mood to be warned, and indeed few, I am sure, would have believed then that any administration, particularly any Democratic administration, would have deliberately drawn the people along upon a campaign of armaments on a gigantic scale.

Later, in 1935, I called attention to the immense sums that had been used by the President upon naval expenditures—sums that did not appear in the ordinary budget but were quietly switched over from the recovery and relief funds. At that time in The New Republic I suggested that in the event of a war in Europe we would have to be on our guard against the military spirit which flourished in the White House.

Meantime Adolf Hitler in Europe and Japan in the Orient had begun to threaten the peace of those two continents. And as they did, any frequent visitor to Washington could detect the rising temperature of the navalists and the strangely disturbing stories which went around about the White House. And at the same time the movement for "collective security" began to gain ground. Then series of provocative statements and bulletins issued from the State Department designed to irritate and arouse the American people at a moment when any sane statesman would have felt it his duty to calm the too easily aroused chauvinistic emotions of the people. But that was done as propaganda for the great naval bill which the President was then interested in.

The next phase of this was the apparent shift of the liberal position. In 1936 the student peace movement in America was all for fighting against war. And it took the form of an anti-war mobilization at which students were called upon to take the Oxford Oath never to take part in any war in which the United States might engage—the oath so hateful to the patriots and the collective securityites. But when the 1937 mobilization came around, the students had abolished the Oxford Oath and had gone in a big way for collective security—the "democracies standing together" and "to curb the onward march of fascism." This, of course, was the work of the Communist groups. But the whole episode had the effect of giving to the public the impression that the liberal groups had also shifted their position.

The next phase, of course, is the President's current, still undisclosed, plans for the greatest peacetime rearmament of both army and navy in our history. And newspapers in the West, where I have been traveling around—press services as well as special dispatches from Washington—say that this rearmament program is to represent a shift of emphasis in our recovery effort. We are now to attempt to make a great arms program the basis of our recovery effort instead of depending on consumer-goods production. If there is in this world a more dangerous stratagem than this I cannot imagine what it may be.

The present curse of Italy and Germany is that the dictators there have made vast arms operations the medium of spending money and creating employment. You can't build battleships and make guns and war materials without putting great industries to work. The support of the economic system of both Hitler and Mussolini is the employment they have created and the income they initiate by means of the armament industry. There are grave reasons why war preparations are easier to these desperate adventurers than peacetime operations like our WPA and PWA. But the continuation of these war preparations requires the ceaseless unloosing of war alarms upon the people. The war scare is an essential implement to the war-preparation program.

Having embarked upon a policy of supporting recovery by means of war preparations, it is as impossible to demobilize a great war industry as to demobilize the WPA. No ruler depending on it for economic life would dare do it. And consequently he would not dare make an end of his war alarms. Did not the grim comedy of Berchtesgaden and Munich reveal in a blinding flash that Mussolini did not want war and has never wanted war? War would destroy him. He wants scares upon which he may flourish. But you cannot have war scares and war preparations without having war, or at least making peace a terrifying gamble.

Can it be that the United States, without any reason [illegible] expediency of a bewildered administra-

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that the great liberal groups are going to remain silent or, worse, march off behind this reactionary and barbaric banner? Yet that is precisely what we seem to be preparing to do. The war scares are served up to us at increasingly frequent intervals. We must be prepared for Japan; we must be prepared for a German trade invasion of South America; we must be ready for the attempted fascist penetration of Mexico and South America; we cannot hope to remain out of a European brawl. Therefore we must arm. Besides, this will be a good thing. It will make business. It will stimulate the heavy industries.

It is incredible, as fantastic (as Mr. Chamberlain said) as men digging trenches in Hyde Park only twenty years after the World War. And it is not being done by the munitions makers. It is not being publicized and managed by the war-craft builders. It is not being inspired by the economic royalists who are interested in spreading and protecting trade and profits. It is not being sponsored by the Republican Party, the traditional big-navy party. It is being done by a Democratic administration supposedly in the possession of its liberal wing. And, I doubt not, all the sponsored columnists and all of the friendly correspondents who cultivate the interests of the New Deal rather than the dissemination of news for their papers will be inspired to keep the type hot with whatever propaganda is necessary to pep up this movement.

JOHN T. FLYNN

The Whole Tragicall Historie

Hamlet. St. James Theatre, October 12, 1938.

FOR THE FIRST TIME in the American theatre, we have the complete "Hamlet," not, as some of the news proclaims, exactly as Shakespeare wrote it, the versions having always differed of course, but so far as I could tell from a single hearing, a faithful script that draws on occasion from either the Second Quarto (1604), which is the authority for the text, or from the First Folio (1623), which omits about two hundred lines and adds something like eighty. The passage, for instance, about the actors—"Let them be well us'd," etc., is from the Folio; "And enterprises of great pitch and moment" (not "pith") is from the Quarto.

In general this text, as spoken on the stage under Miss Margaret Webster's direction, is intelligible, which is a good deal to say for any Shakespeare performance. There are only a few cases of the jumpy sort where the actor as he reads seems to be jerking up from his diaphragm things whose meanings have escaped him. I could not agree with the conception of the graveyard scene in Act V, with such a blare of light, the hoar frost, and the Queen presenting a wreath instead of the usual scattering of flowers that is more effective with the sweets-to-the-sweet motif in the lines. Hamlet's and Laertes' encounters seem to me to be too much blurred. And for that matter, while we are sticking so closely to the text, why not stick to the text's stage directions? The First Folio has "Leaps in the grave."

With the exception of this whole first part of Act V, which seemed to me to miss the grotesque projection, mystery and tragic power that Shakespeare intended, Miss [illegible] a singularly comprehensive pattern, flexible, never banal and often eloquent. The unobtrusive distribution of her stage movement was remarkable, as was the way in which she managed to leave certain of the obscene passages intact and yet cover them enough with stage business to prevent their sticking out beyond Shakespeare's purpose and thus distracting attention from the true effect. Mr. David Ffolkes's settings, except for the lighting, were something above adequate; and so were his costumes, though they were for the most part worn badly, and though headdresses and coiffures were almost wholly lacking. It is true that Elizabethan heads were often more or less like the modern, but to hear those intricate Renaissance lines emerge from scene after scene of everyday hair, leads—just as does the casual wearing of the clothes—away from the illusion.

The interpretation of the King (Mr. Henry Edwards) leaves the traditional, or stylized, for the natural, and thus creates, in my opinion, a distinct loss. The advantage in doing the King in the traditional Senecan style—the "tyrant" role of Greek drama—is that we get the effect of something strong and imposing, almost monumental, with its own magnetism and power, against which Hamlet, with his sensitive impulse and deep variety of thought, might dash himself out. But as Mr. Edwards plays the role, we have merely another agitated person (with the government behind him). Miss Katherine Locke's Ophelia, never haunting, too lowly perhaps for a Councillor's daughter, had, nevertheless, in the mad scenes a certain convincing truth not usual with that role. Mr. Whitford Kane did his gravedigger, by now practically a stage classic in itself. Mr. George Graham's Polonius was thinnish and hollow but not so far from Shakespeare's purpose; and Mr. Rhys Williams was curiously outstanding as the Player King.

Miss Mady Christians gave to the role of the Queen an air of what, for lack of a better term, we might describe as Continental breeding, private style as it were. This was, also, an element in the impression of allure and delicate lushness that she achieved and that helped convince us of the passionate bond between her and the King. This is the first time I ever saw this motif in the play when it was made to count to its full dramatic value.

Mr. Evans brings to his Hamlet the positive virtues of a clear diction, a voice of considerable flexibility and some color, and an approach to the role that seems consistently sincere. He gives the appearance, also, of playing honestly with the company around him. Certain more or less direct ideas and emotions he can convey with energetic security. He finds stage positions that are excellently contrived for the moment they serve. Stage movement, however, Mr. Evans has almost none of, none of that intense coördination and flow that makes the actor's body itself a theatre medium of primary importance. Nor does his stage presence do more than faintly suggest the qualities of princely form, the observed of all observers, and so on, ascribed to Hamlet by those around him in the play.

You soon perceive that Mr. Evans aims at vigor in his reading and does achieve a certain impression of it, partly by a very active tempo and a tendency to raise the voice. The result is one that holds the attention as it strikes the main ideas in the lines and simplifies the rest. Many of the subtleties and overtones

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experience. These subtleties often lie in the transitions. Mr. Evans' reading is capable to an amazing extent at times of ignoring a transition—for a single illustration take Hamlet's speech to Laertes about ranting, the final sentence: "Nay, and thou'lt mouth, I'll rant as well as thou." Some actors, like the elder Kean, have kept down the rest of the speech as if to set a quietude of contempt against Laertes' ranting and insults: some have taken it head on, in almost a frenzy. But however they took that part, this sentence, with its sudden and profound revelation of Hamlet's inmost habit of mind, marked a transition. Mr. Evans took it in exactly the same tone, etc., as the rest of the speech.

You rarely had in this performance the sense of struggle going on in Hamlet, and this was doubtless what Mr. Evans intended. The purpose behind his approach and method must be to contravert somewhat the idea of Hamlet's feebleness of will, vacillation, and so on, the old familiar theory. In some ways the idea is a good one, for undoubtedly too much has been done, especially in the romantic criticism of the early nineteenth century, to build up such a picture. Shakespeare has definitely provided against such a misunderstanding, but it would seem that his point has gradually been overlooked, partly because of the change in attitude between his day and ours toward ghosts and spirits. Up to the middle of Act III (the moment, in fact, when the King stops the play and rushes out), the conflict is by no means wholly concerned with weakness of will, dreams, action, et cetera. A great deal of the conflict turns on whether the apparition is really Hamlet's father or a spirit of evil. (Hence the need of the play to prove the King's conscience.) In five separate passages, and from three different speakers, Shakespeare does his best to hammer in this point. The irony, then, is that the actor should lose so many of the finer shades and values trying to do for the character what Shakespeare has already done otherwise, if the right emphases be given. And a further irony is that the first of these passages expressing this side of the conflict falls to Mr. Donald Randolph's Horatio, whose reading leaves it quite incomprehensible.

Mr. Evans' fundamental mistake, it seems to me, is clear enough, though it is almost impossible to express. It consists of an approach to the words as if he had planned every one of them and intended to put it into action. But the essence of a great deal of Hamlet's utterance is that it is in the nature of improvisation; the words may come to him for his own delight, pouring up from within his consciousness somewhere—who knows how?—his own words leading him, lighting his way, realities themselves within his reality. This, of course, does not alter the fact of the other words, straight or wittily contrived, that he has planned and sets into action.

Another way to put the case would be to say that in speech after speech throughout the play, if Hamlet, in cold blood, had planned and brought into action the words, with all that elaboration, complexity, dilation and ornament, he might be tiresome to think of.

Still another way would be to recognize that the Poetic Style enjoys the license of assigning Hamlet whatever it chooses for him to say, with the purpose of expressing his thought and his will, but over and above that, the quality

Hollywood Hangover

IT IS IRONIC but perhaps not strange that in these past months when the air has been shaking with the barrage about Motion Pictures' Greatest Year, Hollywood has been supplying the nation's first-run theatres with a steadier run of out-and-out turkeys than has been seen since 1930. The whole place out there seems to have the financial jitters, what with reorganizations, government investigation, the European market blowing up in their faces, and so many pressure groups burning around getting insulted that the only thing they aren't scared of their lives of casting for a stooge comedy part is Elmer, the trained seal. The result is that a producer would be afraid to look in his own bureau drawer for a pair of socks without a search warrant; they won't try anything, they won't let anybody else try anything, and picture after picture comes out of the grinder as a mix of only the most safely venerable gags and situations—the result of which is something like locking the barn after the horse is dead, and not a matter of days at that.

Even the men who have come through with fine work in the past are putting their stuff on the line this year, one after another, and the best you can say for it is it must originally have been something they et. And when it comes to a team like Leigh Jason and P. J. Wolfson (an ex-writer who has quite a hot lip for Left ideals but I notice has cut himself out a producership), and they bring out for RKO a bit of class-A production called "The Mad Miss Manton" that is booked into the Radio City Music Hall, which has almost a pick of the product—I quit. Not everything that moves is a motion picture, as your doctor will tell you, but this one moves anyway. And in a sense it holds the interest—as indeed it might well, for it picks the brains if not the teeth of half the smart fellows who ever borrowed a sure-fire line or incident from a smarter fellow who had seen it in the original plagiarism, dimly and long ago.

Its idea for a story frame is to have a crew of Park Avenue girls solve a shocking lot of murders in a larky way, and Park Avenue is I suppose what is new about it. Henry Fonda, Sam Levene and a few other nice people are held strictly to nonsense and supported by Barbara Stanwyck and the rest of a plaster cast—but this isn't a review or even a summary of the fortnight. This is just me throwing in the towel, and why. This is the last picture I saw in Motion Pictures' Greatest Year, and walking out of motion pictures' greatest first-run showcase, loaded to the guards with customers still nickering and wheezing at this strip of old and stolen tricks, it certainly did seem to me a little as though this was also the motion-picture audience's darkest day. (It isn't one picture, or even one class-A audience in one city gone silly in one night, but the low average that permits this low bottom: it's the hammer, hammer, hammer.) Outside the Hall, of course, there was Sixth Avenue, perpetually torn all to hell with a mythical subway, and it was raining. I don't know what that's got to do with it, but that's the way it looked.

That it can't rain forever may be a hope justified when

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but still honestly and decently and quietly made—that we are usually given when the shoestring companies like Grand National, Monogram, Universal, etc., get hold of a good man and give him a chance. But while Columbia can by courtesy be called a major picture company, it is by pure chance that John Brahm (an ex-German with only four Hollywood pictures to his credit in all) drew a producer who wouldn't meddle. So in this case he took a Tess Slesinger novel and made a picture out of it sound enough to look like a pretty breeze in such a doldrums. There are dramatic properties in it, as there must be in anything dramatic; and there are parts where probability is passed over rather hastily. But in general there is the feeling of sincerity, of belief in your material and concern with the best way of expressing it. And I don't suppose anybody will ever make a really good thing until he believes what he's doing, and worries about it.

The story has the simple main pattern of a poor girl in a rich girl's finishing school—eager, sweet of spirit, but put-upon by the snobbery of girls and faculty alike. As a picture of youth's troubles it is about as true as any and touching at moments, and its subtleties at the expense of the gloved hand of wealth deserve a better ending. But principally (take the student-government meeting, the charm lecture, the informal camera at the prom) it looks like the good clean work of someone who has a job to do, and likes it.

For the first time since I've been reviewing movies it is true that the sound and interesting picture jobs, over a period of months, have come mainly from outside Hollywood—whether from studios abroad or from little packing-case outfits wherever they may be set up. Alexander Korda's "Drums," for example, was done better in Hollywood years ago but is not being done anything like so well this year. A technicolor story of an incident in England's clean-up of the bad Indian tribes, it is a bang-up adventure job though particularly anachronistic for this time and pregnant with Raymond Massey and other bad jokes in blackface (Osmond Borradaile and Georges Perinal are responsible for the frequently beautiful camera work). I've mentioned most of the other interesting ones in this column, but there remains one of a different type, the travel film called "Dark Rapture" (by some horrible stretch of the imagination). This is the one about the Denis-Roosevelt camera exploration of the African interior, generally agreed to be the best of its numerous kind.

Other films have packed in more strange thrills: this trip was good for the spirit it seems to have been made in. Being stuck in Africa with expensive equipment means looking sharp for stuff that won't be a waste of negative. These people missed the elephant hunt the first season, but instead of pitching little live rabbits at a boa who would obviously be curled up somewhere with a good book, they looked around at native life, which they appear to have both understood and liked. The film ends on a terrific fire that all but got them; the elephant hunt is as exciting as anything; the intricate patient work of the grapevine bridge makes a wonderful sequence. But the feeling that remains is one of serious investigation and good will, and is restful after all the tourism, shock hunting and goona-goona of this general type.

Our readers are invited to send [illegible]

The Bandwagon

If there is a weakness in the Agreement, it is that the necessity for doing something by tomorrow meant that the Czechoslovakia government were given no chance of making suggestions of their own, but could reply only "yes" or "no." On the other hand, as things have been arranged, it can scarcely be said that the transfer is being made under pressure of force. – *The London Times.*

Mr. Ogden raised an interesting theory. He said that as God made the world He must obviously have made wireless.

Throughout the Bible one came across verses containing the phrase, "The voice of God," and he believed that that voice was heard by the ancients in the same way as we hear a radio announcer. When God spoke by "Urim and by Thummim" he was speaking by wireless. – *News item in The Darlington and Stockton (England) Times, quoted in The New Statesman.*

King Victor Emmanuel is an enthusiastic fisherman and often the royal family feasted on his "catch" at breakfast. Crown Prince Umberto of Piedmont and his wife, Maria; King Boris of Bulgaria, as well as Joanna's three sisters—Yolanda, Mafalda and Maria—enjoyed the long walks on the neighboring mountain trails and the daily tennis matches. Nothing but sports clothes were worn and the simplest kind of housekeeping was maintained. The royal party were constantly watched by sixty personal guards and waited upon by fifty servants. – *From the society column of The New York World-Telegram.*

Lady Strathmore's death takes from the world a most rare and beautiful personality. She was a Bentinck of the senior branch and would have been the Duke of Portland had she been a boy. – *From The National Review, London.*

Add Definitions of Communism: IX

Communism is an attempted return to barbarism under the driving impulse of envy, hatred and malice. – *Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler in a speech at the Parrish Art Museum, Southampton, L. I., reported in The New York Times.*

Brotherhood-of-Man Department

It is the crowded quarters which will suffer the most from bombing. Those quarters, however, are inhabited by those who have not succeeded in life—the refuse of the community, in fact, which would be well rid of them. Besides, the explosion of the bombs will inevitably cause many cases of madness. The person whose nervous system is deficient will not be able to survive the shock. In this way, bombing will help us to discover the neurasthenics in our community and to remove them from social life. – *From the "Archiv für Rassenbiologie," Berlin, quoted in The Living Age.*

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A Communication

How to Help China

SIR: The New Republic in its issue of September 14 comments under the heading, "Mr. Peffer Changes His Mind," on an article of mine in Amerasia in which I wrote that it was time for America to change its course in the Far East. A year ago I wrote in The New Republic opposing sanctions in any form on the ground that they would lead to war. Now I advocate prohibition of the sale of military supplies to Japan and provision of credit to China on the ground that a year of war has made a salient difference: Japan has violated American and other foreign rights, has conducted the war with barbarity and has become materially weakened. . . .

The New Republic views with no greater equanimity than myself the fact that the United States has been the principal foreign purveyor of the materials that have gone into Japanese aerial bombs and other weapons that have been slaughtering Chinese, soldiers and non-combatants alike. And it would absolve America from blame by simply invoking the Neutrality Act and shutting off supplies to both Japan and China. Technically this would salve our conscience no doubt, but also it would be dubious absolution, coming now after Japan has had a year to destroy a large part of China with the help of American supplies and, besides, putting Japan in the same category with her victim. In any case this has become a minor aspect of the question. There is more involved than whether America should sell arms or not.

America's relation to the Far East cannot be disposed of with any doctrinaire isolationism or arid intellectual consistency. These last few years ought to have made it clear that no question of international power politics can so be dealt with. No doubt America *could* remain aloof from the Far East and no doubt its inhabitants would be better off if it did. But you know perfectly well that it won't. The drive of historical precedent and economic motive is too great. And against that drive no demonstrations in pure reason, however irrefutable, will ever avail. Only the intellectual minority will be convinced, the minority that must remain ineffectual.

Do you think America will permanently stand by, negative and unmoved, if Japan wins a genuine victory in China —that is, if Japan establishes such hegemony over China as she has in Manchuria and proceeds to evict Americans and American interests from China and thereafter keep them out? Taking cognizance of all the political and economic forces running in the world today, do you seriously believe that? If you do, you are more hopeful or more innocent than I am. I am not saying that the majority of the American people would not be better off if America did remain unmoved. I am saying that it will not, which is all that matters.

If that is so, what is its application in 1938? The best, [illegible] the last chance to avoid a Japanese-American war tribute to Japan's defeat now. Japan is beginning to be drawn down. No collapse is imminent. She can carry on for at least another year. But the shutting off of American supplies would draw her down further and faster. If in addition American purchases from Japan were materially reduced, that would contribute still more.

When the war with China began an American embargo would have invited such retaliation by Japan that America would have fought. Japan would hesitate now. Consider the Changkufeng clash with the Russians in August. A year ago the Japanese would not have swallowed that. They would have declared war against Russia. They did not dare now. I do not believe they would risk any provocation of America.

I believe myself that the Japanese cannot conquer China. If I felt absolutely sure, or if there were ground for absolute certainty, then in national self-interest I might continue to believe in American inaction—that is, applying the Neutralty Act against both China and Japan in order to clear ourselves of the guilt of arming an invader in a horrible war. But no one can be absolutely sure, and therefore everything should be done to contribute to certainty. We can do so now with a minimum of risk.

I commend to the editors of The New Republic a careful reading of their editorial in the same issue that contained the comment on my article: the editorial "War Now, or Later?" referring to Europe. Precisely the same chain of arguments holds for America and the Far East. You are not dealing with a geometrical theorem. You cannot make your demonstrations in international politics and consider the conclusion automatically applied. We shall get war in the Far East later unless Japan is frustrated now. There is a chance to frustrate Japan—a providential chance or, rather, a China-made chance. . . .

A Japanese victory over China is *per se* repellent to anyone who has even remote hopes of a decent, civilized world. It also would foredoom America to war sooner or later, not an episodic war like the intervention in Europe but a war that would enmesh America for generations in the imperialist conflicts of Asia. That was true a year ago—or ten years ago; it is true now. But a year ago America could do nothing by way of prevention except go to war. It now can do a great deal without going to war. It can help the process of Japanese exhaustion in China that will eliminate Japan for decades. . . . The time factor that has operated so tragically in Europe operates in the Far East, too. Complaisance over Ethiopia begot the rape of Austria and the Sudeten districts. Five years from now there may be no escape from going to war against an aggrandized Japan. Even if there be only one chance in three that that will come about, that should be scotched now. It can be scotched.

Out of bald considerations of *Realpolitik* and coincidentally a regard for the preservation of peace for America I urge that we cease selling war materials to Japan, that we buy as little as possible from Japan, that we sell war materials to China on easy credit and that we do anything else that we can, short of war, to help bleed Japan white in China.

New York City NATHANIEL PEFFER

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realism. If Japan is now to be defeated in the Far East by economic measures of other nations, it will take joint action by the great world powers to do it—concerted application of sanctions against Japan and concerted help to China. That is the realistic fact. Unilateral action by the United States would have some effect, but scarcely a decisive one. But if the discussion is limited to what we alone can do, there is little doubt that application of the Neutrality Act would hamper Japan much more than it would China. The Neutrality Act is on the statute books and its principles are favored by a vast majority of Americans. To advocate its application is realistic. We venture to say that an intensified campaign for active intervention on behalf of China would convince only "the intellectual minority," "the minority that must remain ineffectual."

We are not ready to abandon the hope that America can keep out of wars in Europe and Asia, even if Mr. Peffer is. We are not ready to urge our government formally to take sides in the present war, and permanently to discard the only legislative precaution we have against getting into a bigger one. – THE EDITORS]

Correspondence

An Open Letter to Neville Chamberlain

SIR: The chances that you [The Hon. Neville Chamberlain] will read this letter are small. The chances that you will understand it are even smaller. But written it shall be.

You have never been a man distinguished for a grand style in statesmanship. Your career has shown no brilliant achievements, no profound insight, no original conceptions, no striking failures even. . . . Yet without any particular traits of courage, ambition, or imagination, you have succeeded in doing something which no English Prime Minister before you has done, and which, I believe, none attempted to do: you have brought our whole nation into contempt; you have betrayed the intentions of every Englishman, past and present, who has lived or died for England and her ideals. . . .

You chose a good moment for it, too. We are not by nature a war-loving people. Englishmen do not commonly find their highest fulfilment in slaughter, Englishwomen reject the notion that a woman's mission is to bear and nurture the maximum amount of cannon-fodder. Disbelieving the theory of the inherent rightness and inevitability of war, we are slow to accept any war as a righteous war. Yet during the month of September, 1938, the people of England have been painfully and seriously preparing themselves for battle. Without speeches, without bugles, without illusions, they have made ready to fight fascism; and this, after Ethiopia and Spain and China have taught them that fascist warfare attacks not only the man who fights, but the wife and children he must leave at home. They were ready, they were resolved. And you, alighting from your airplane like some tawdry pantomime Fairy Godmother, announced to them that they were fools for their pains; and that instead of fighting fascism they were to support it.

You have sold us out. It is a remarkable achievement. And if, in the future, the fascist aggression to which you have said "Go in and win," leaves alive a single historian to write, a single printing-press free to print, a single man of culture to read, you will be remembered for it

In Defense of Chamberlain

SIR: On Tuesday, September 27, the blackest day but one of this crisis . . . I was on a belated holiday in France, bicycling in the northeastern corner. In the estaminets of St. Omer, Cassel, Hazebrouck and other war-scarred places I found one thing universally absent. Nowhere was the least trace of any enthusiasm for an anti-Fascist war. Nowhere, even, did a single man say the equivalent of "It's got to come sometime; it might as well come now." . . . Not one regarded the proposed war as anything but a horror and a disaster; and the ideological defenses of it by the Left were not so much denied as wholly ignored. . . .

Back in London that night, in a far more hysterical atmosphere, I noticed much the same thing. Practically nobody was really using the word "humiliation" of Chamberlain's efforts to bring Hitler to reason, or demanding "no concessions" over Czechoslovakia, or doing anything but pray that he would strain every nerve and stretch every point to save peace. . . .

We ought to remind ourselves (especially those of us who have to justify ourselves to a skeptical electorate) that to have gone to war over the Sudeten question would have been something that no Socialist, nor indeed any sane man, could have countenanced. . . .

First, the *occasion* (I do not say the ultimate cause) of the war is an indefensible one. The Labor Party is officially on record as demanding precisely what has happened in Sudetenland, in its program "Labor and the New Social Order." In so doing it demanded no more than justice; everyone knew it was a gross piece of unfairness to put the Sudeten Germans under Czech rule. For fifteen years the Germans had mildly and civilizedly asked for the revision of the Versailles Treaties in this and other ways. They got nothing whatever, and then, just as Socialists warned the Allied governments would happen, they made the same demand insolently and violently. Since they could not get their rights by civil means, they hired a gangster. . . .

Pay no attention to those of us who think to excuse ourselves by saying that "for us" it would not have been a war over the Sudetens, that we would have made mental reservations and called it an anti-Fascist war. The Sudeten question *was* the occasion of the threatened war; and a few days after war between Chamberlain's Empire and Hitler's Reich had begun we should have realized helplessly that we were caught in another senseless, 1914 struggle between two kinds of imperialism. . . .

The second fact is another thing that we should have realized even sooner; it is not one that affects you. I do not pretend to know, like some people, that Hitler "trembled" when the navy was mobilized. But I do know that there was every reason to tremble over the air defenses of London. The most elementary precautions have only just been begun. It is not wise, from any point of view, to elaborate just how ghastly would have been the effects of the first few raids. But it is conservative to say that a British statesman who took any risk of them occurring . . . would be a criminal lunatic.

There is another thing that we should remember. Britain was bound by no treaties to Czechoslovakia. If at any time a government had proposed any treaty guaranteeing Czech boundaries, it is fairly certain that Parliament would have rejected it, and it is quite certain that the Labor Party would have led the opposition. On that point, our position is exactly yours. It is very little use our trying to refuse responsibility for rash or indefensible frontiers, if afterwards we are to have the same responsibility forced on us by arguments that we are "morally bound." . . .

There is a fourth, rather savage-minded argument which I suppose must be considered, as in the safety of New York it sounds less murderous. It runs something like this in the mouth

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shall therefore abandon our efforts for peace, and coolly select if we can the best terrain for this war. We hate the Munich agreement because we think the chances of fascism next time will be better, whereas in a war started then democracy would have won."

Now against that there are several things to be said, but I will only mention one or two. First, it is not certain democracy would have won. In military opinion on both sides, Russian strength is lower now than it has been for years. . . . Second, it is not *certain* that a world war will come. So long as it is not certain, it is our duty to try and prevent it, not to go into it because the omens seem favorable to us. Third, the outbreak of war ends democracy in the warring countries. . . .

If war comes, we have already been defeated. Those who remember 1914 know that. There is only one way of fighting Nazism effectively, and that is by meeting as quickly as may be the real and moral grievances of Germany under the Versailles Treaties, and by doing all we can in the way of propaganda *inside* Germany. . . .

London, England RAYMOND POSTGATE

Elect Vito Marcantonio

SIR: There's a job that you and I and all the readers of The New Republic have got to do together for the progressive movement in the United States. The job is to send Vito Marcantonio back to Congress in November. All of us cannot vote for him. That privilege is reserved for the electorate of the Twentieth Congressional District, Manhattan, who have already shown what they think of him by giving him 58 percent of the total vote cast on primary day, by giving him the nomination as their candidate on two party tickets (Republican and American Labor), by giving him in addition 31 percent of the Democratic vote—a stunning revolt against Tammany right in its own ranks.

Marcantonio's record in Congress was a brilliant one. His record in the cause of justice and democracy is too well known to require repetition here. Against him are aligned the big guns of Tammany corruption and the formidable artillery of Republican anti-New Dealism.

Sending Marcantonio back to Congress is sending the People's Champion back to Congress. Reëlecting him is restoring vitally needed leadership to the Progressive Bloc in the House of Representatives which has already been deprived of Maury Maverick's services by the combined efforts of reaction and bigotry. . . .

It costs money to run an election campaign—lots of it. Tammany will spend more in the Twentieth Congressional District to defeat Marcantonio in one week than we can hope to raise in six months. He needs campaign literature, posters, buttons, signs. Campaign headquarters are not contributed free—neither are telephones. . . . And so I am asking your readers to send us the biggest contribution they can possibly afford to win this fight against Tammany Hall, against its candidate Jimmy Lanzetta. Send it today to the Citizens' Non-Partisan Committee, Room 600, 20 Vesey Street, New York City—and make it a good one!

New York City HEYWOOD BROUN

Magistrate Kross's Candidacy

SIR: I should like to call your readers' attention to the candidacy of Magistrate Anna Moscowitz Kross for Justice of the Supreme Court in the First Judicial District, New York. The voters of Manhattan and the Bronx now have an opportunity of electing the first woman to hold high judicial office in this state, and they may do so under the progressive aegis of the American Labor Party. Aside, however, from the question of sex or sponsorship, Judge Kross should be elected because of the capacities [illegible] one of [illegible] to the community as the conviction of the guilty. Her understanding of the human, as well as the technical, side of the law eminently equips her for the wider tasks which would confront her if elected to the Supreme Court.

New York City OSMOND K. FRAENKEL

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Harold Mager of New York City says that all Malcolm Cowley's article on Partisan Review (October 19) reveals is that Partisan Review is not in line with Cowley's taste as to what a literary journal ought to be, that Cowley suffers a profound misconception as to what its editors intended it to be and that "the journal is indistinguishable from a fascist rag because—alas!—the editors' intentions formed no part of Cowley's expectations." The editors of Partisan Review have sent us a long letter that will be printed in a subsequent issue. . . . Edward Wagenknecht of the University of Washington's department of English, Seattle, comments on the newspaper reports that President Roosevelt favors building an immense Atlantic fleet. "The American people are no doubt sold on . . . armaments to protect our own shores. If the President thinks they are prepared to fight in South America as well . . . he is in for the rudest awakening." . . . The League of American Writers is adding another short-story-writing course to its curriculum, to be conducted by Millen Brand. Registration is at 381 Fourth Avenue, Room 803, New York City.

William Shinn of Moncelona, Michigan, feels the most disturbing thing about the Munich agreement is the possibility that the statesmen of France and England bargained with the dictators, not so much to preserve peace, as to preserve the economic regimes in their own countries. . . . Gerald Zoff of St. Paul, Minnesota, says we fail to realize that Great Britain and France are responsible for the present European situation, that these countries are just finding out, after twenty years of the rotten Versailles Treaty, the meaning of self-determination of peoples. He believes the duty of England and France is to rectify the unjust provisions of Versailles. . . . Ernest L. Pragst of Schenectady, New York, writes that England's vacillating diplomacy is the world's greatest enemy. He suggests we refuse to become England's ally, that we make our refusal to help save her Empire clear, and that one way to do this is to make mass protests against the 1939 visit of their Majesties.

What's on the Air?

General Hugh S. Johnson, Secretary of Agriculture Henry A. Wallace and Lyman Bryson, chairman of the CBS Adult Education Board, discuss "United States Farm Policies" on "The People's Platform," Sunday, October 30, 7 P.M., CBS.

A symposium on "We Take You Now to America," including such speakers as Sir Willmott Lewis, Zechariah Chafee Jr., Roy Durstine, Gerald Wendt, John Kieran, Louis Stark, Evelyn Scott and others, Thursday, November 3, 9:30 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

President Roosevelt speaks from Hyde Park as a Democratic voter, Friday, November 4, 9:30 P.M., CBS, NBC-Blue Network.

Musical and dramatic programs of the week include "Valley Farm," by Arthur Lewis Tubbs, Saturday, October 29, 10:30 P.M., CBS; Arturo Toscanini, Saturday, October 29, 10 P.M., NBC-Blue Network; Bach's "Brandenburg" concertos by the concert orchestra of the New Friends of Music, Sunday, October 30, 6 P.M., NBC-Blue Network; Orson Welles's presentation of "The Pickwick Papers" by Charles Dickens, Sunday, October 30, 8 P.M., CBS; and José Iturbi conducts the Rochester Philharmonic concert, Thursday, November 3, 8:30 P.M.,

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Books in Review

Hemingway in Madrid

HEMINGWAY says in his preface, "This is only a play about counter espionage in Madrid. It has the defects of having been written in wartime, and if it has a moral it is that people who work for certain organizations have very little time for home life. There is a girl in it named Dorothy but her name might also have been Nostalgia." I should judge that "The Fifth Column"[1] would need a little play-doctoring before production. There is too much commotion offstage, there are scenes that wouldn't be effective for lack of the proper timing, and no great skill is shown in the playwright's business of getting people in and out of doors. But the play reads like one of Hemingway's short stories, which is to say that it reads very well. The plot jumps ahead, the dialogue is sometimes tough, sometimes outrageously funny, and the minor characters are real creations —especially Max, the secret agent with a very tender heart and a face horribly deformed by torture.

The hero, Philip Rawlings, is the latest in a long line of Hemingway heroes, all of them brutal and reckless by day but wistful as little boys when alone at night with the women they love. As compared with Harry Morgan, of "To Have and Have Not," he shows an interesting development. Morgan, the lonely freebooter, had died in discovering the fellowship of the dispossessed: "No matter how, a man alone ain't got no bloody f——g chance." Philip is putting that discovery into action. He has the reputation of being a fancy war correspondent who spends his working hours wherever he can find women or whiskey. He likes to drink, that much is true. But in reality he is a hard-working agent in the counter-espionage service, acting under Communist Party orders. If he haunts the cafés along the Gran Via—"and the embassies and the Ministerio and Vernon Rodgers' flat and that horrible Anita"—it is because he is looking for spies.

He longs for the carefree life he used to lead in the 1920's. You can hear the bitterness in his voice when he tells a very young and virtuous American volunteer, "We of the older generation have certain leprous spots of vice which can hardly be eradicated at this late date. But you are an example to us." Again he says, "After this is over, I'll get a course of discipline to rid me of any anarchistic habits I may have acquired. I'll probably be sent back to working with pioneers." It is as if he were talking over the heads of the audience, to the editors of The New Masses. But in the midst of these sallies and asides, Hemingway is discussing an important theme, that of the individual serving an organization in which he believes, but not without moments of skepticism. Philip questions the means that must be employed—notably when there are prisoners to be given a third degree or fascist spies to be shot—and sometimes he questions the ends for which he is fighting. He wants to forget the war and take his girl to Kitzbühel for the skiing. Then suddenly a boy is killed from ambush, or a dog is wounded by shellfire and howls in the street, and Philip submits himself once more to party discipline. At the end, he decides to leave Dorothy because he loves her so much that she is interfering with his work. "I do not ask that," says poor tortured Max, his comrade. "No. But you would sooner or later. There's no sense babying me along. We're in for fifty years of undeclared wars and I've signed up for the duration."

The trouble is that although long-legged, bright-haired Dorothy is a symbol of the hero's nostalgia, and might be a symbol of ours if we saw her in the flesh, she is nothing of the sort when we read "The Fifth Column." She is presented there as a chattering, superficial fool, a perfect specimen of the Junior Leaguer pitching woo on the fringes of the radical movement, with the result that she keeps the play from being a tragedy or even a valid conflict between love and duty. If Philip hadn't left her for the Spanish people, he might have traded her for a flask of Chanel No. 5 and still have had the best of the bargain.

This same big book contains Hemingway's forty-nine short stories, the entire contents of "In Our Time," "Men Without Women" and "Winner Take Nothing," in addition to four new ones collected for the first time. Among them is "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," the only story in which he has allowed himself to be conventionally poetic; it describes the death of a writer, with disquieting touches of self-loathing and self-pity. Another story is his very latest, "Old Man at the Bridge," which was cabled from Barcelona in 1938. Six pages beyond it comes one of his oldest, "On the Quai at Smyrna," written, I think, in 1921. Essentially they are the same story, that of people caught in the aftermath of a great military defeat.

During the seventeen years of his literary career, Hemingway's short stories have changed very little. He has broadened the range of his technical effects, and his geographical background, and to some extent his human sympathies. The new stories are not published like a few of the earlier ones, in the effort to be lurid or shocking. Yet those first stories defined his talent as a writer, and some of them I still prefer to his more recent work. When he wrote them he seemed to be closer to his material and more directly moved by it. Has he ever shown more compassion than in "The Battler" and "Indian Camp" and "My Old Man," all included in his first volume?

Reading the stories over again, you are impressed by how well they stand up in the face of a thousand products advertised to be just as good. You are also impressed by the number of them that deal with lust or violent death. In the first story—taking the order in which they are printed, not the order of writing—a rich woman shoots her husband in the back of the head with a hunting rifle. In the second, a Spanish boy plays at bull-fighting and is killed by an accidental thrust from a butcher knife. In the third, a writer dies of gangrene after reliving his violent past. In the fourth, an old man waits for death in the midst of a gen-

[1] The Fifth Column and the First Forty-Nine Stories. [illegible]

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racetrack, death in the bull ring; one story is called "A Natural History of the Dead." People used to say that this choice of subjects was due to some unhealthy quirk, but I think there is another explanation. Every great writer—as Robert Cantwell said in his fine essay on Henry James—is a prophet in spite of himself. He tries to express the underlying spirit of his age, and that spirit will sometime be carried into action. Hemingway's violence seemed excessive during the relatively quiet decade that followed the War. But now, after the fighting in Spain and China and the great surrender at Munich, it seems a simple and accurate description of the world in which we live.

MALCOLM COWLEY

Stolberg and the Stalinists

The Story of the CIO, by Benjamin Stolberg. New York: The Viking Press. 294 pages. $2.

BEN STOLBERG has packed into 294 pages the most brilliant analysis that I have read of contemporary American labor. It is also a distinct contribution to the science of character portrayal, proving that in the absence of a soft-lead sketching pencil, much can be done with the point of a butcher-knife. John L. Lewis, whom Stolberg admires, in his early days, "never hesitated to win first and be fair afterwards," and "did not rise to power by being drafted for his high-mindedness." John Brophy, whom Stolberg admires somewhat less, he lumps with "all confused idealists and somnambulistic saints." The socialism of David Dubinsky is "purely nostalgic, like a Wall Street broker's memories of his Iowa childhood." The late Judge Gary "never saw a blast furnace until after his death." Myron C. Taylor is "platitudinous-profound," and is "stuffed with plaster of paris, which gives him both the sense and the appearance of unbending strength. Mr. Taylor can't be told. He must be patiently flattered into thinking that it is he who is doing the telling."

In his chapter on vigilantism he finds in the Woman's National Association for the Preservation of the White Race a "sorority devoted to pure Negrophobia," and sees vigilantism lurking in "the esoteric hokum . . . of a Pareto, the slick ignorance of a Thurman Arnold or the rabble-economics of a Father Coughlin."

The first half of the book is on the whole dispassionate, but never to the point of dullness. But on page 142 he warms up to his tong-war with the Stalinists and their "fellow-travelers" whom he has found, of all the Marxian sects, to be "the only disintegrating faction" in the CIO. And he does a comprehensive job on them. It is sincere, it is keen, it is original and, for the most part, the thunderous ocean surge of Mr. Stolberg's denunciatory rhetoric is unchecked by considerations of fairness. And I hope that his adversaries, in process of picking up his dead cats to hurl them back across the barricades, will be forced to read the book. For it overlooks none of their weak spots, and when they are finished snorting about its obvious injustices, there remains much which they could profitably ponder in the stilly watches of the night.

Occasionally Mr. Stolberg's line of reasoning on the Martin emerges as the Clark Gable of Detroit labor, while Mr. Stolberg can see his Unity opposition only as a handful of snake-souled disruptive Stalinoid leaders, devoid of rank-and-file support, and he predicts that "the expelled officers will, I believe, stay expelled." Then there is a footnote, presumably dropped later, commenting on the John L. Lewis peace proposal which Martin rejected "because he has with him the overwhelming majority both on his Board and in the local unions," and predicting that if Lewis insisted on it, the UAW might well leave the CIO.

Now what happened, between the time Ben Stolberg wrote the above lines and the release date of his valuable book, was the exact reverse of all this. The officers didn't stay expelled. They were reinstated on recommendation of the CIO arbitrators, whose decision was accepted unanimously by the Executive Board of the UAW which (as of 6:17 P.M. on October 24) shows no signs of leaving the CIO.

What little I know of the Detroit situation comes at second hand, and most of it spoon-fed to me by Stalinoid acquaintances. But that little led me to conclude last summer that the split was the result of an intra-Marxian ruckus which could have been avoided if President Martin had not been the victim of bad nerves and worse advice. And also that the purged Unity faction had the confidence of a majority of the Union's rank and file. This analysis squares much better with subsequent developments than does Mr. Stolberg's version.

But if his opponents can dig up ten such discrepancies, his book still remains the most readable, amusing and deeply probing analysis of the American labor movement, not only of this year, but perhaps of many to come.

W. L. WHITE

Another High Wind

In Hazard, by Richard Hughes. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

THE PUBLISHERS, and the author himself in one sentence, invite comparison of this book with Conrad's "Typhoon." That's fine for a reviewer. Both books recount the same history, of one hell of a guy, though nothing much to look at, bringing his ship through a tremendous and sustained hurricane. There's no need to praise Conrad's master mariner; and Mr. Hughes's Captain Edwardes is as good, almost. (That "almost" is a mighty word.) However, before I say what I think of the book in general, let me state outright that I just don't believe any wind ever blew steadily at the velocity of 200 miles an hour, as the author swears his hurricane did; I can hardly believe that a momentary squall could carry so much puff. But if one takes it as the excuse for some monstrous good yarning, why Mr. Hughes is the boy to handle that hurricane. It's grand, it's terrific, and though one is meteorologically skeptical before and skeptical in a literary sense afterwards, during the reading of the storm section of the book all criticism of it is apt to sound like reviewer's sour grapes.

Agreed, then, that there's not much to choose between the two storms; it's still rather different with the books as [illegible] is easy because they have much the

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shows off his skipper in other ways—the equitable distribution of the salvaged money among the Chinese crew, for instance. It gives a sense of level-headedness and natural justice. But Captain Edwardes, in his refusal to allow the salvage crew on board the "Archimedes" without his express permission, merely seems a little quirky. I know the incident is meant to show the man's masterful exercise of authority over the ship he has saved, but it does not impress one.

Again, there's the danger of a shindig with the crew in both stories, and neither danger comes to anything, because of the skipper's handling of the situation. But Mr. Hughes for his little affair has to bring in, as a tribute to modernity, a very attractive Chinese Communist, Ao Ling, of the Long March, invited right out of the pages of Edgar Snow. I didn't believe in that 200-miles-an-hour wind and I just don't believe that Ao Ling could have been so dumb as to consider seizing the ship. And in slamming Ao Ling into irons upon another charge at the critical moment, Mr. Hughes deliberately pays homage to chance, while in his parallel incident Conrad acknowledged the fundamental rightness of man.

I guess the real difference lies in the fundamental attitudes toward storms of the two authors. The typhoon was not merely a huge chunk of weather to Conrad, nor an occasion for story-telling, it was a conspiracy against man. Nineteenth-century skepticism had robbed him of preoccupation with man's struggle with God; it was dangerous to look too long at struggles within society; and man's struggle with the inner dialectic of his mind was still rather the concern of sissies. No doubt I'm simplifying, but it was something like that. Anyway, Conrad became popular by describing man's fight with nature, with a nature that was much more than a matter of isobars and isotherms. Nature had taken the place of God and fate, so that in measuring up to his typhoon Conrad's master mariner was measuring up to God, or to the Grand Malignant who preceded God; he was the lonely anarchist defying the universe, bashed and bloody, but stubbornly sure he was in the right. It's not so with Mr. Hughes; his only challenge was to Conrad.

That goes for the spirit of the book. As for the literary values this much seems obvious. "Typhoon" is a clean and formal piece of work; its curve goes straight through the storm and sinks to its resting place without the slightest breaking up. The story is like an honest-to-God freighter sailing out of gray, misted Hull into China seas, chugging willfully over wild splendor, with the red sun upon her at the last, proudly in port. Mr. Hughes doesn't manage his problem anything like so well. There's some nice "Red Star" stuff in that belated biography of Ao Ling, and the Communist's dream is beautifully vivid in the manner of Kassner's hallucination in Malraux's "Days of Wrath"; there's first-rate humor in the other Chinaman's yarns, there's fine material lying about everywhere; but the truth is, it gives the impression of lying about. Like a storm, the story seems to end in rags and tatters.

My copy of "Typhoon" is missing, but, as I remember it, Conrad has it over Mr. Hughes in the matter of writing English, too. Anyway, Conrad would not have left in his last paragraph so remarkable an effort in redundance as "still tip-tilted over to one side." No, this is not another [illegible]

talking, if you like thundering excitement split through by flashes of beauty, here's your chance. If you want some elemental roaring and banging and a gorgeous fight with colossal lumps of water, resulting in three hours of oblivion to New York, this is your book. RALPH BATES

The Wasting Land

Behold Our Land, by Russell Lord. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 321 pages, illustrated. $3.

IN "BEHOLD OUR LAND" Mr. Lord takes a novel, yet a highly important view of America: the vertical. He looks straight down at the ground and what he sees is enough to shatter our blandly complacent faith in the shrewdness and common sense of the rural American. For the farmers, ably assisted by the lumbermen and the cattlemen, have most literally thrown away a large part of the basic wealth of the nation and are throwing away the rest with appalling speed. This wealth is contained in the topsoil, which is sliding into the sea at the rate of many millions of tons annually.

There was erosion, both by wind and by water, for countless ages before man appeared on this planet. But it was slow—slower than the weathering of the rocks by which soil is created. It is the tremendous acceleration of the process that has cut down the total amount of available topsoil by at least half since Jamestown was founded. This acceleration was in some small part inevitable, no doubt, but most of it is due to reckless and foolish methods of agriculture, lumbering and stock-raising.

Yet no thoughtful reader of Mr. Lord's book can sit back comfortably in his city home and heap all the blame upon Piers Plowman. The farmer, like the rest of us, is in the grip of an economic system that drives him to do reckless and foolish things. Booms and depressions both tend to lay the lash upon his back and force him to lash the land. Our ultimate goal, if this process continues, we can see in China, which followed this path before us—even to the detail of having an official Soil Conservation Service more than four thousand years ago.

The first part of Mr. Lord's book is a statement of the problem in non-technical and readable language. The second is a review of what is being done about it. The author makes no secret of his liking for the soil conservers and his admiration of their work; and in that sense he writes propaganda.

But he has also written into it something that was no part of his original scheme, and of which he may be unconscious. The whole work is a fascinating tale of happy men. It tells of a group, most of them young and all of them enthusiastic, hard at work on a job which they know beyond peradventure is a good job and which most of them think, not without reason, is the most important job in the world. Surely there can be no better recipe for making a young man happy than to turn him loose on a job that is immense in its physical dimensions, and still more immense in its social importance. While this has nothing to do with the thesis of "Behold Our Land," it makes the book stimulating to the lay reader as no mere

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Autobiography of a Movement

The Journals of Bronson Alcott, selected and edited by Odell Shepard. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 588 pages. $5.

THERE IS SOMETHING almost ludicrous—and characteristic of our curious literary mentality—in the fact that, with the exception of half a dozen passages perhaps, the journals of Bronson Alcott should never have seen the light of public day before this fall. The most seminal, the most conscious, the widest-ranging literary movement in our history, until recent years, was the movement that goes by the top-heavy name of Transcendentalism; in that movement Bronson Alcott, the ex-pedlar from Connecticut, was easily one of the four or five most active and influential figures; for more than fifty years he kept full and regular journals in which, among other things, the birth, the maturity and the senility of Transcendentalism are revealingly mirrored; yet for almost exactly another fifty years they were to lie accumulating dust and rust in a private library in Concord quite as if we had more Alcotts already than we knew how to handle. The pleasantest aspect of the whole matter is the fact that the preposterous delay was finally to put into the hands of so understanding and discriminating a scholar as Mr. Shepard the task of preparing this volume of generous selections.

It is a volume that could hardly have been put together more skillfully or more helpfully, and of course it enters at once, along with Emerson's and Thoreau's journals, into the full central current of American letters. As one could have foreseen, it recreates, restores, dignifies and de-caricatures the personality of Alcott—not so much for those who had some true impressions of him already, or who had read Mr. Shepard's life, as for the general reader to whom his name meant hardly more than the "venerable Don Quixote" of Carlyle's gibe and of tradition. His quixotism is still there, to be sure, along with his "Orphic" yeastiness, his defunct mystagogy, his lovable egotism and his anti-climactic lapse—along with that of the whole movement, in the post-war decades—into the pomposities and the inanities of St. Louis Hegelianism, the faith healing of Mrs. Mary Baker Glover of Lynn, the campaigns of Anthony Comstock and the tamed and tedious Concord School of Philosophy.

All these are part of the whole rich and instructive story, and whatever lessons they may have for us—they have several—they do nothing to tarnish the freshness or compromise the nobility of those great early decades when Alcott was breathing new life into American education, tearing off the clouts that had bandaged American childhood, egging on the liberated spirits of Boston to come together in the "Transcendental Club," pegging away at the notion of their launching a periodical of their own (and giving it its name, The Dial), furnishing unmistakable speculative stimulus to the minds of Emerson and Thoreau, defying the stuffy respectabilities of Boston, joining at real personal risk in the anti-slavery demonstrations of the fifties, and holding out the hand of welcome and understanding to the unconformable genius of Walt Whitman. These are the sorts of [illegible] new and glowing light. They throw a light too on the lives and personalities of many of Alcott's contemporaries, of course, of Emerson, of Thoreau, of Hawthorne, of the elder Henry James, of at least three Channings—and the book would have a singular charm if only from this point of view. It is really the autobiography of a movement—the truest and fullest one it wrote—and that makes it a valuable chapter in the cultural autobiography of America.

NEWTON ARVIN

Fever Chart

The Anatomy of Revolution, by Crane Brinton. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 326 pages. $3.

PROFESSOR BRINTON'S EXCELLENT BIBLIOGRAPHY reminds us that the sociological study of revolution has achieved respectable dimensions. Some ten years ago Mr. L. P. Edwards brought to the subject a scientific treatment in "The Natural History of Revolution," using a biological approach. Professor Brinton uses the pathological, making his "conceptual scheme" a social equilibrium, similar to that of a body in health, upset by a fever, which announces itself by a series of preliminary signs, runs its course in a climax ascending to delirium and ends in convalescence. He traces this progress carefully through three revolutions, the English of 1642, the French of 1789, and the Russian of 1917. Since his book was originally a course of lectures at the Lowell Institute in Boston, he courteously includes the American Revolution of 1775, although admitting that it does not in all respects run true to form. One can imagine the fury of the DAR and other patriots if a professor from England failed to recognize the revolutionary honors won by his adopted countrymen. One of the recurrent phenomena in history is the distinction conferred by revolution upon its participants, and appropriated by their descendants, who would have been the last to approve it as contemporaries.

Under Professor Brinton's brilliant handling of the symptoms, the disease lends itself to a very precise diagnosis. It begins in a society where a certain well-being has inspired ambitious men to attack the barriers of privilege which cramp their energies. If the privileged hold the reins of government feebly, especially if they are troubled by conscientious doubts of their status, and scruple against the use of force to maintain it, they yield. The moderate reformers take control, but they are confronted by a kind of extra-legal sovereignty exercised by the extremists. The moderates have the government with all its difficulties of administration in a troubled time; the extremists have the tried weapons of revolution. In the English revolution, these were the army and the independent pastors and congregations; in the French, the Jacobin clubs and the journals; in the Russian, the soviets. With the fall of the moderates, the patient goes out of his head in a hysteria of idealism and terror, to recover his senses in a Thermidor of return to normal.

Professor Brinton believes that a revolution leaves the patient stronger by virtue of a more efficient central government, such as that created by Cromwell or Napoleon or Stalin, but he considers that "it is in the social arrange-

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actual changes effected by our revolutions seem slightest." In this generalization it seems that he does not take account of the new technique of revolution as practised in Russia and Germany, which by education seeks to incorporate the new way of life in the successive generations of youth. At all events Mr. Brinton has given us a cheerful and entertaining book. He treats revolution in all its aspects, whether inspired by God, nature or science, by Calvin, Voltaire-Rousseau or Marx, with a jaunty familiarity that breeds confidence. He doubtless afforded special relief to his Boston audience by his suggestion that revolutions do not occur in decadent societies.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT

Paddy Was a Welshman

I Follow St. Patrick, by Oliver St. John Gogarty. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock. 333 pages, illustrated. $3.

THE REPUTATION of Oliver St. John Gogarty resembles that of the iceberg in that at least two-thirds of the cause of it remain invisible to the common eye. Gogarty is famous as the original of comic portraits by Joyce and Moore; he is known as the author of a nostalgic gossip-book about literary Dublin; he is also credited with a handful of lyric poems. Here Gogarty begins to submerge. We hear of puns, limericks and various off-shade witticisms just below the surface.

"I Follow Saint Patrick" reveals him in a new role, that of patriot and antiquarian in search of the genuine Irishman. This *Uririsch* hero was, according to Gogarty, a Welshman. Furthermore he was the son of a Roman tax-collector (his name indicates a patrician origin). He came to Ireland only because the Irish went to the bother of kidnaping him; whereupon he converted them all to his Roman religion, and thus became the prototypic Paddy—Saint Patrick: "the noblest Roman of them all." "Like dew on the fields of Erin, the name of Saint Patrick has saturated the very land."

Inevitably this book about him becomes a Baedeker. Gogarty's object is not biography so much as geographical history. And his aim is "by describing the places which the Saint visited and sanctified in our island, to draw from these, as from well-springs, inspirations which shall be truly traditional, pure and undiluted by modern distractions."

Persiflage makes smooth the path of the Saint, but nevertheless the tour is hard sledding. By the time you've followed Gogarty in the wake of St. Patrick up to Slemish and down to Tara and across to Croagh Patrick, up the mountain, and thence to the farthest West; by the time you've heard that Gogarty likes swell company, believes in miracles, has invented but not perfected a "sound restorer" to recapture the noises of Ancient Ireland, is not so young as he used to be, thinks his country must be either a Land of Slugs or a Land of Song, and so on and on—by that time you'll be pretty glad to hear the Saint speak for himself in Jack Lindsay's translation of the "Confession of Saint Patrick," which Gogarty supplies as an appendix.

If the text is dull, the quotations are worth hearing. Stephen Gwynn's fine ballad of Usheen is reprinted in full, and so is the magnificent personal prayer of [illegible] Merthyr Tydfil, where the people were so exploited by

We Have Been Here Before

What's in It for Me? by Jerome Weidman. New York: Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

IN SERIOUS LITERATURE a sequel is a dangerous thing to attempt, especially as it usually means following up the fortunes of a previous character (and a previous publishing success). The Rover Boys can go on and on, because they are nobodies in nowhere; in any good novel the reader's satisfaction is partly in watching a book build its world and the rest in the story, which is given and accepted as a sort of exegesis of so many lives. In "I Can Get It for You Wholesale" we could watch a vivid world of garment-industry rackets in construction and follow Harry Bogen from a beginning to what seemed a satisfactory end for him. But though now we have another book, we have the same characters, the same world, almost the same idea.

In "What's in It for Me?" Harry Bogen triumphs in knavery and fast talk until the bottom again falls out. But while the action gets very suspensive at the end, and he actually brings about the death of his mother this time, the development hesitates and is unsure and there is too much talk for the sake of talk. Much of the dialogue is as bright as ever, and when Bogen is really at work along Seventh Avenue you have to follow him with fascination. But the only things in the story we don't remember from last time are just the things that cloud its effect—Bogen's love life, his self-doubt, the wrangle with the honest lawyer and the final complete mortification. In general, you'd probably do better, and do the author better service, by reading this story over again in its original form.

OTIS FERGUSON

New Books: A Reader's List

I SWEAR BY APOLLO: A Life of Medical Adventure, by William E. Aughinbaugh (Farrar and Rinehart, $3). The author practised medicine for almost forty years in rural Virginia, South America, India and other places. Apart from its story-telling qualities, his book is a fine picture, on a personal scale, of the great progress of medicine in recent times.

SECRET AGENT OF JAPAN, by Amleto Vespa (Little, Brown, $3). An appalling catalogue of atrocities, described by an Italian who was forced to be a Japanese agent in the "peaceful" invasion of Manchuria. Still a loyal Fascist himself, Mr. Vespa regards Japan as a combination of parasite and Frankenstein's monster. A harsh indictment, valuable because the evidence is almost all first-hand.

THIS MAN LAGUARDIA, by Lowell M. Limpus and Burr W. Leyson (Dutton, $3). The career of a politician who for twenty years has generally managed to be both candid and candidate. The authors quote abundantly from his public and personal files, tell no secrets and pass no judgments. Their book falls short on any ballot of being the definitive LaGuardia biography.

BIDDEN TO THE FEAST, by Jack Jones (Putnam's, $2.50). The story of the early life of Jack Jones (now a member of Parliament) in a clannish Welsh mining family of

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ALL THIS, AND HEAVEN TOO, by Rachel Field (Macmillan, $2.50). About a French governess who was involved in a famous murder trial in 1847, and later came to America, where she married the brother of Cyrus Field. For this gracious obituary, Miss Field has drawn on an actual story, padded it with sentiment and period background, and kindly omitted moralizing.

THE BEST BRITISH SHORT STORIES: 1938, edited by Edward J. O'Brien (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50). The best O'Brien for a long time; has some real live stories and a nice mixture of moods. Padraic Fallon stands out with a fine Irish story; other good ones by S. G. Millin, K. Mansfield, T. F. Powys, F. O'Connor, Winifred Williams, Rhys Davies, James Hanley, T. O. Beachcroft. For humor, A. J. Alan, H. E. Bates (a swell one), and the man who has made America Yorkshire-conscious, Eric (Sam Small) Knight.

TWILIGHT IN VIENNA, by Willi Frischauer (Houghton Mifflin, $3). Vienna, from 1918 to Hitler. Sensible studies mainly of the middle class; the problems of existence—financial, marital and political—in "the capital without a country."

FIVE O'CLOCK WHISTLE, by Ramona Herdman (Harper's, $2.50). American victory. The story of a young man, the son of mill hands, who accepts the setbacks to his musical career involved in repaying with care the sacrifices and love of his parents, and still fights on. A novel of character and hardship, not great, but moving and real.

BLACK IS MY TRUELOVE'S HAIR, by Elizabeth Madox Roberts (Viking, $2.50). The subtle, gently whispered story of a girl who finds violence with her first love and peace with her second. The addition of Model T's and radios to Miss Roberts' Kentucky countryside has made it seem none the less ethereal; her pastoral symphony, as usual, is all andante movement.

THE KING WAS IN HIS COUNTING HOUSE, by Branch Cabell (Farrar and Rinehart, $2.50). The author of "Jurgen" returns to fantasy with this tale of sixteenth-century Italy, in which Machiavellian intrigue proceeds with a coating of urbane courtesy. Written with his customary *footnote* of satire, sly and frequently effective.

DREAMS OF YOUTH, by Philip Freund (Pilgrim House, $2). A French revolutionary novelist, a well heeled dilettante, and various intellectualistic by-products, Jewish and gentile, in a novel of futility.

Contributors

JONATHAN MITCHELL is well known to New Republic readers for his many articles on politics and current affairs. He lives in Washington, D. C.

GEORGE SELDES, journalist and author, has a new book, "Lords of the Press," published in November by Julian Messner.

MAX LERNER, formerly a lecturer on Political Science at Sarah Lawrence College and Harvard University, has recently left the editorial staff of The Nation to teach at Williams College.

JAMES BENÉT left the editorial staff of The New Republic in the spring of 1937 to join the Loyalist forces in Spain. He returned to New York City in early October and is now in California, speaking for the Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade.

WILLIAM L. WHITE, the author of "What People Said" and a former member of the staff of Fortune, is doing free-lance work in New York.

RALPH BATES, the English novelist, author of "Lean Men," "The Olive Field" and "Rainbow Fish," leaves soon for a trip to Mexico and Central America.

GERALD W. JOHNSON has been an editorial writer on The Baltimore Evening Sun since 1926. He is the author, among other books, of "The Wasted Land," published this year by the University of North Carolina Press.

NEWTON ARVIN is an associate professor of English at Smith College. His book about Walt Whitman has just been published by Macmillan.

MICHAEL SAYERS is an Irish short-story writer and playwright, now living in Westport, Connecticut.

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